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**BRIGHT SUMMER-TIME**

FROM THE PICTURE BY MARCUS STONE, R.A.

# Tom Wallis: a Tale of the South Seas

BY LOUIS BECKE

AUTHOR OF "BY REEF AND PALM," "WILD LIFE IN SOUTHERN SEAS,"  
"RODMAN THE BOAT-STEERER," ETC.

## CHAPTER VII.—NORTHWARD TO THE SOLOMONS

ONCE clear of the dangerous expanse of reefs which surround the entrance to Noumea Harbour, the captain hauled up to the N.N.W. and ran along under the land, the brig going in gallant style, for the water was smooth and the wind fresh and steady. Before reaching Noumea old Sam had bent his best suit of sails, and painted the ship inside and out, so that she now cut quite a respectable appearance below as well as aloft; and now, as he stood at the break of the poop, smoking a huge cigar, his fat little body swelled with pride. De Caen had expressed his admiration at the manner in which he had worked the brig out through the Dunbea Pass; also he had complimented him upon the serviceable condition and smart appearance of the four carronades and their gear generally. This had gone to the skipper's heart, and he was struggling with two emotions—one of which was to joke with his crew as was usual with him when in a good temper; and the other was to treat them with dignified hauteur in the presence of the French officer. He decided upon a middle course by unbending to Tom—he could not possibly remain silent for a whole quarter of an hour. So calling the lad to him, he pointed out the various headlands and bays on the line of coast, with every one of which he was familiar. The day was clear and bright, with a cloudless sky of blue, and Tom could not but be enchanted by the panorama of tropical beauty which was unfolded before him as the vessel quickly opened out bay after bay, and beach after beach, with a background of the loveliest green imaginable rising beyond; and here and there the curious conical-shaped and thatched roofs of a native village could just be discerned embowered in a forest of coconut palms.

"And a murdering lot of ruffians they are too Tom these New Caledonia Kanakas no better now than they were fifteen years

ago before the Frenchmen took the place why I can tell you if anybody can all about 'em. I was in the sandalwood trade with Captain Paddon of Annatam—old Jimmy Paddon who is living in Sydney now worth millions. Do you see that narrow bay in there? Well that's Uaran it's a big village full of the most poisonous niggers as ever polished teeth on a man's thighbone. I was partner with Paddon. We had a little fore-and-aft schooner called the *Kirribilli* which he sailed about the coast while I kept to this brig meeting him now and again at Noumea Levuka in Fiji or Tongatubu in the Friendly Islands or any other port agreed upon. Well one day as Jimmy Paddon was sailing along the coast just about where we are now four miles off Uaran he sprung his mainmast and ran in there to anchor and fish it he knew the place pretty well and was friendly with the two head chiefs who sometimes visited his trading station at Noumea so when one of 'em came aboard with a lot of his people they were allowed to have the run of the decks and he came down into the cabin smoked a pipe with Jimmy and then went ashore saying he would send off some food for the crew as a present towards four or five o'clock a whale-ship was sighted about four miles off the land and as it was falling calm Jimmy decided to pull out to her and try and buy a bolt or two of canvas. He took four hands with him leaving the mate and six others on board. He got the canvas and started back for the schooner just after dark one of the whaleship's boats coming with him with her second mate and five hands to buy some pigs from the natives. She was lying nice and quiet but was showing no light anywhere and there wasn't a sign of any one on deck. In a moment he thought something was wrong so they stopped pulling and hailed—no answer. Pull up lads he said and they ran alongside and as the poor chap who was pulling bow oar stood up and caught hold of the rail a

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tomahawk came down like a flash and cut off his hand and in a moment the schooner's decks were alive with natives who began firing at the boat killing another man before it could be pushed off again and then the blacks seeing the whaler's boat coming began to jump overboard and swim ashore. They of course meant to wait till Jimmy and his boat's crew were all on deck and then club them but one of 'em was in too much of a hurry and begun work too soon and that spoilt their plan. As soon as the other boat came up they lit a boat lantern and Jimmy and the rest went on board and there were the decks just smothered in blood but no trace of the mate and the rest of the men. But it was easy to know where they had been taken to for the cannibal's drums were beating and every now and then the saucy niggers would send a bullet flying out and then give a yell together. The schooner was gutted of most everything of any value—arms ammunition trade goods and even the sails and standing rigging were cut to pieces. Jimmy wasn't long in hoisting lights for assistance slipping his cable and towing out towards the ship which helped him to get the schooner to Noumea. And that there job cost us nigh on four hundred pounds let alone the loss of the poor mate and the other men who went into the nigger's gullets."

Tom was deeply interested in the skipper's story, only one of hundreds of such tragedies as were then of common occurrence throughout the savage Western Pacific, and even at the present day are still enacted among the murderous and cannibalistic natives of the Solomon Group and the German Islands of the Bismarck Archipelago.

For three days the brig ran steadily along the coast of New Caledonia, till, D'Entrecasteaux Reefs being cleared, the captain and De Caen held a consultation. The latter was in favour of laying a direct course for New Britain. The former thought that the brig should work through the Solomon Islands, where they would be sure to meet with trading vessels from which they might obtain valuable information; furthermore, he contended that if any of the survivors of the *Marengo* (the missing transport) had escaped in boats, they would be almost sure to steer for Noumea by way of the Solomons, where not only was there a likelihood of meeting with trading vessels, but where they could obtain fresh supplies of water and food from numberless islands,

many of which being uninhabited, they could land at and refresh without danger. Then again, both he and Mr. Collier pointed out to De Caen that the boats, by working through the smooth waters lying between the two chains of islands which form the vast archipelago of the Solomon Group, would, when they reached San Christoval, the last island of the cluster, have but five hundred miles to traverse to reach the nearest land—the Huon Islands, off the coast of New Caledonia itself—instead of a long and trying voyage of 1,600 miles across the open sea, without even sighting a single island, did they endeavour to make a direct course from New Britain to Noumea.

De Caen followed old Sam's reasoning very closely, and could not but be convinced of the soundness of his arguments. The general chart of the Western Pacific was spread out upon the cabin table, and he looked at it thoughtfully.

"It is possible, Captain Hawkins, that the officer in command of the boats—if, alas! there is an officer alive—may have steered for the coast of New Guinea, rounded the Louisiade Archipelago, and kept away for the Australian coast."

"That's true enough Mr. De Cann but if they have done that it's no use our looking for them now and our orders are to search northward through the Solomons if we like if not then along the coast of Noo Britain for the relicks if any are available at the same time I am under your orders if you like to tell me to steer west for Whitsunday Pass on the Great Barrier Reef and then work up along the coast to the Louisiades."

"Certainly not, captain! I merely advanced a supposition. I have the most absolute faith in your very excellent judgment and superior knowledge. Let us steer north for San Christoval, and trust that good fortune may attend our search."

Old Sam's red face beamed with a childish pleasure, and he gurgled something out about "the intense relevancy of the satisfaction it gave him to be in such complete and personal discord with Mr. De Cann," and that he "sincerely trusted they would always remain as such." Then he strutted away and bawled out an order to the second mate to tell the cook to kill the pig, as the creature "discommoded and dirtied the decks with continuous incessancy and was always rubbing itself against one of the carronades and suffusing the ship with its intolerability."

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(As a matter of fact he had no ill-feeling against poor Julia, but thought it rather undignified to have the creature poking about the main deck with a naval officer on board.)

These were happy days for Tom. Between himself and the quiet, self-contained young mate there already existed a feeling of friendship which grew stronger day by day. The advent of De Caen, an educated and travelled man, whose usually refined and dignified manner concealed a disposition that in reality was brimming over with an almost boyish love of merriment and an ardent spirit of adventure, was another source of pleasure to him; and both of the grown men seemed to vie with each other, as the days went on, in instructing a mind so open and ingenuous, and so quick to receive impressions for good and evil; for whilst Collier gave him lessons in navigation and practical seamanship, De Caen talked to him of the world beyond the Southern Seas, of the history of his own country, and was delighted to find that Tom knew a good deal of his (De Caen's) pet hero, the adventurous Dupleix, and of his struggle with Clive for the supremacy of India in the early days of "John Company."

One morning at breakfast De Caen was telling Collier some stories about the characters of the convicts in New Caledonia, and of their continual attempts to escape to Australia in small and ill-equipped boats. Once, he said, a party of nine desperate creatures hurriedly made a raft by tying together some timber intended for the flooring of the Governor's house, and with a few bottles of water and a bag of flour to sustain them during a voyage of more than a thousand miles, set out to reach Australia. They actually succeeded in clearing the reefs surrounding Noumea, when the raft came to pieces, and the poor wretches were devoured by sharks, in the presence of the crew of a vessel entering Dumbea Pass.

"Quite recently," continued the French officer, "five men, three of whom were seamen, managed, through the negligence of their guards, to escape in a good boat. Their leader, an American by birth, had been sentenced to penal servitude for life, for the murder of the captain of a French ship, of which he was chief officer. He always protested his innocence, and at his trial in Bordeaux said that the steward was the guilty man. Our Governor, who is very just and humane, once told my captain that he believed his assertions; and indeed the

poor fellow was innocent; for the *Cyclope* brought an intimation from France to that effect, and instructions to set him at liberty. This was told to me by the Governor the day after the *Cyclope* arrived from Sydney."

Old Sam nearly choked himself with a large mouthful of bread, and then said—

"What might his name be, Mr. De Cann?"

"Casalle—Henri Casalle."

"Casalle!" Tom echoed, "why that was the name of the captain of the *Bandolier*; and the man we saw at Wreck—"

The captain gave him a furious kick beneath the table, upset his own cup of coffee, and jumping up from his seat, uttered a yell at the helmsman at the same time.

"Now then mutton head where are you steering to? Excuse me Mr. De Cann but that fellow who is steering is the continual cause of my flamatory objections I could tell you some queer things about him he is a native of Rotumah ever been there, sir? fine island with remarkable lucidity of climate one of Natur's handmaidens as it were only waiting to be tickled with a hoe to laugh with the utmost profligacy. Tom, as you have finished will you be so good as to go on deck and tell the second mate to hoist out a barrel of pork I want to see the head taken off being American pork I'm dubious about it if there's anything in the world that disturbs my nasal and automical principles it's stinkin' pork."

De Caen waited until he had finished, then added :

"The Governor was much distressed to think that this unfortunate man may never learn of his pardon, for if he and his companions succeed in reaching Australia, they will most likely never be heard of again. Once they get to any of the gold-fields in New South Wales or Victoria it will be impossible to trace them."

Collier nodded assent, and then in his quiet manner remarked that as one of the five was an innocent man he hoped they had all reached Australia in safety. Then seeing that old Sam was looking very uncomfortable, he said nothing further, and the subject was dropped.

Under clear cloudless skies, and with the brave south-east trade wind blowing steadily all day, and dropping to a faint air at night, the *Lady Alicia* made steady progress to the northward till within a hundred miles of San Christoval. Then it fell calm, and for two days the brig lay sweltering upon a sea of glass, under a fierce, relentless sun,

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and rolling heavily to a long sweeping swell from the eastward. On the morning of the third day, the wind came away from the westward and blew in sharp short squalls, attended by thick driving rain, which, rising black and lowering on the sea-rim, changed to a dull grey and then to snowy white, as it came rushing and roaring down upon the ship.

Just before noon the sun came out for a brief space, and Maori Bill, who happened to be aloft, called out that a sail was in sight right ahead, and standing down towards the

brig. Mr. Collier at once went aloft, and there, not three miles away, was a large white-painted vessel carrying single-topsails, like the *Lady Alicia*, and running with squared yards before the wind.

For the moment Mr. Collier could not make out whether she was a **barque** or a brig as she was coming "dead on," but presently she lifted to a high sea and yawed a bit, and he saw that she was a brig of about 500 tons. In an instant he hailed the captain.

"Please come aloft, sir, at once."

Old Sam waddled along the deck, and then clambered up to the fore-yard beside his mate.

"What is she, Mr. Collier?" he began, and then he gave a gasp of rage mingled with alarm as his eye lit upon the stranger.

"May I be shot if it isn't Bully Hayes's brig. I've never seen the *Leonie*, but that's her sure enough, for I've heard all about the look of her."

"Yes, that is the *Leonie*, sir. I knew her when she was in the China trade before Captain Hayes stole her. There is no other vessel like her in the South Seas. He means to speak us at any rate—if he intends no further mischief—and he can sail rings round us, so it is no use our trying to get away from him. What will you do, sir?"

"Fight him," said the little man



OLD SAM CLAMBERED UP TO THE FORE-YARD

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energetically—"fight him like I would any other pirate—for he is a pirate and nothing else." Then he bawled to the second mate to stand by to wear ship, and in another five seconds was on deck, followed by Collier.

The helm was put hard up, the yards squared, and the old brig put nearly before the wind, which was her best sailing point, and which would give those on board another hour to prepare. Old Sam, though really bursting with excitement, gave his orders quietly and calmly, and then turned to Lieutenant De Caen, who was thoroughly at a loss to understand why the brig's course had been so suddenly altered by the appearance of another ship.

"Mr. De Cann least said is soonest done as it were so with your permission I will call the hands aft and if you do not care to participate in my remarks you are free to do so all hands aft."

The crew, headed by Maori Bill, trooped along the main deck and stood in a group in front of the poop, from which the skipper spoke.

"My lads I'm not running away from that ship which is commanded by Captain Bully Hayes an out-an-out pirate I mean to fight him that's all I have to say and I hope you will not disgrace me and this ship which is on foreign service bos'un cast off the housings and clear the guns for action Mr. Collier you and the steward pass up the small arms. Mr. Todd you and two hands pass up ammunition for the carronades and if I see any man funk his mother won't know him again Mr. De Cann you may depend upon me to collate any suggestions you may make you being as it were my superior in such a case as is now protruded stations men and don't disgrace me and Mr. De Cann Tom you can bring up that flash gun of yours and stand by me here every little helps and it is a poor heart that never rejoices so cheer up my lad I will never let you come to harm through a refuted pirate Mr. De Cann this ship is to all intents and purposes a French ship as it were and I am willing to obey your orders I am confident that we can smash this fellow but you must let me have my own way and propagation of ideas which is to lie low and let him come close to and then let drive at him with the carronades unless he begins pounding at us before hand with his two big guns which I believe he carries being stolen property like the ship herself why he is the man who sunk a Portuguese gunboat in the East Indies five years ago.

Certainly he only fired one shot at her but it did the trick and she sunk and when the American commodore at Hongkong tried to arrest him he sent him a letter and said it was an accident and that if it wasn't an accident it was a joke."

The French officer, who could scarcely follow old Sam's rapid utterances, but quite understood that the strange vessel meant mischief, was quickly enlightened by Mr. Collier in a few words.

"Captain Hayes is the most notorious man in the Pacific, and his crew have the reputation of being a band of unmitigated ruffians. That very vessel you now see he carried off out of Singapore five years ago, and since then he has been cruising among the islands, trading, pearl-shelling, and engaging in native wars. A Portuguese gunboat tried to capture him off Macao—he sunk her with one shot. He has been chased all over the Pacific by English and American cruisers, but never yet caught. At the same time I do not believe all that is said about him and his savage nature, but he certainly is a dangerous man."

During the few minutes which had elapsed since the stranger was sighted, the utmost activity had prevailed on board the *Lady Alicia*. Nearly two-thirds of the eighteen men she carried were determined resolute fellows who had stood by their captain in many a fight with the savage natives of the Solomon and New Hebrides Group; and they were well able to work the four carronades, though rifles were more to their liking. The small arms on board consisted of fifty Enfield rifles, and cutlasses, and then, in addition to these, were the thirty rifles brought on board by Mr. De Caen. These were breechloaders, which had only been adopted by the French Navy a year or two before. They were a Swiss invention, heavy and awkward to handle, but yet very effective. These were brought up by the lieutenant's orders, and he at once proceeded to load them, aided by Tom. Meanwhile, old Sam had his carronades loaded in readiness, and the decks of the little vessel presented the appearance of those of an old-time ten-gun brig going into action.

The strange vessel was now rapidly overhauling the *Lady Alicia*, and Tom, as he stood beside the French officer on the poop, could not repress his admiration of the beautiful sight she presented as she rose and sank to the swelling seas—with her snowy white canvas glinting and shining against the sun. For some minutes the little group

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watched her in silence; then Hawkins, noticing how very quickly she was coming up, turned quietly to the mate.

"Hands to the braces Mr. Collier let him come up as quick as he likes I'm ready for him."

The yards were braced up, and the brig laid to her former course; the stranger at once followed suit, and as she sailed three feet to the one of the *Lady Alicia* she was soon within hailing distance. On the decks were a number of naked natives, some of whom were standing on the top-gallant foc'sle. Aft, on the quarter-deck a big black-bearded man, dressed in pyjamas, was standing beside the helmsman, smoking a cigar.

The strange ship came sweeping on, then suddenly kept away, so as to pass astern of the *Lady Alicia*.

As she surged past, the big man walked over to the rail, and drawing one hand carelessly through his flowing beard, he nodded to Captain Hawkins, and said with a laugh—

"Good morning, captain. Will you be so good as to back your main yard and let me come aboard? But you won't hurt me, will you?"

Before old Sam could frame a reply, the strange brig came to the wind swiftly and noiselessly, a whaleboat which hung on the port quarter was lowered and pulled over towards the *Lady Alicia*, the big bearded man steering.

"Back the main yard, Mr. Collier," said old Sam quietly. "Let him come aboard and see how we look."

### CHAPTER VIII.—CAPTAIN BULLY HAYES COMES ON BOARD.

THE boat drew alongside, and the tall bearded man climbed up the rope ladder hung on the side amidships, and then jumped lightly on the deck, where he was met just inside the gangway by Captain Hawkins, who had descended from the poop.

"How do you do, captain," said the stranger affably, extending his hand. "My name is Hayes," and then, as his bright blue eye took in the surroundings, and he saw the brig's crew standing by the guns, and a group of armed men on the poop deck, he gave a loud hearty laugh, so genuine and spontaneous that old Sam stared at him in astonishment.

"I asked you not to hurt me, and of course you won't. So you, too, think that

poor Bully Hayes is a bloodthirsty pirate! Come, shake hands, my red-faced little fighting cock. I like you all the better for your pluck. There, that's right," and seizing the skipper's unwilling hand in his own, he shook it with tremendous vigour; "but please make your men put away those rifles and cutlasses. I'm such a nervous man; and the sight of anyone with a gun in his hand makes me both mad and frightened, so that I can't help knocking him down just to protect myself."

"What is it you want on board my ship, Captain Hayes?" said old Sam pointedly.

"My dear sir, do not look at me in that distant manner," and he clapped his sun-browned hand on the captain's shoulder, "it pains me. You've rolling topsails, I see. How do you find them answer? Bonnets trouble you? Mine are perfection. You must come on board and see my ship. Come now, my dear sir, don't look so angry. I'm not at all a bad fellow, I can assure you—nothing so black as I am painted."

"Well, you mustn't blame me," said old Sam more graciously; "you've got the name anyway, but I must say you don't look like—"

"Like a cut-throat, Captain—" he paused.

"Hawkins, if you please."

"Captain Hawkins, I'm glad to meet you. Now, can you sell me a few bags of rice and some casks of molasses for my native passengers? I've a hundred and twenty blackbirds on board, bound for Samoa, and I'm afraid I'll run short of rice."

"I can do that," said Hawkins, delighted to find that his visitor had no evil intentions.

"Thank you very much." Then going to the side he hailed his boat's crew and told them to pass up a bag of dollars; and when old Sam asked him below to have a glass of wine, he again laughed in his boyish and apparently unaffected manner—"Certainly, captain, with pleasure. You have passengers, I see," he added, indicating Mr. De Caen and Tom, but politely ignoring the pile of rifles lying on top of the skylight.

"Yes," said the skipper, "Mr. De Cann, of the French Navy, lieutenant of the *Cyclope*, and Mr. Tom Wallis—Captain Hayes."

The moment the visitor heard the words "French Navy," a swift gleam of light passed over his handsome face, but he bowed courteously to the officer, and



THE "LADY ALICIA" PREPARES FOR ACTION

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together the three men went below and seated themselves at the table, whilst the steward placed refreshments before them. In less than ten minutes, so engaging was Hayes's outspoken yet polite manner, that both Hawkins and De Caen were laughing and talking with him as if they had known him for months.

"Where are you bound to sir?" asked Captain Hawkins, again filling his visitor's glass; "you have a lot of natives on board where are they from?"

"I am bound to Samoa. The natives are from various islands to the Northward. I recruited them for the German planters in Samoa. They are a very savage lot, and," here he smiled, "although I hate to have armed men about a ship's deck, we have to keep our weather eye lifting, or we might lose the ship some day. Now, tell me," he added pleasantly, "where are you bound to, Captain Hawkins?"

"To the Solomons and Noo Britain captain"; and then with an air of pride which he tried hard to conceal, "we're under charter to the Governor of Noo Caledonia to make a search for relicks human or otherwise of a French transport loaded with exigencies for the garrison and convicts at Noumea."

"Ah," said Hayes quickly, "so you're looking for the *Marengo*."

De Caen and Hawkins sprang to their feet—"Yes. Do you know anything about her?"

"Yes, I do," he answered curtly, with a harsh inflection in his hitherto modulated tones. "I can tell you all about her, and where to find the ship's company—on a certain condition."

"What is it?" said De Caen, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulder; "is it a question of money?"

An angry flash came from Hayes's blue eyes. "Be careful how you speak, or you'll get no information from me. I don't want money for putting you on the right course to rescue your countrymen—though I have little cause to love them: your admiral at Tahiti sent a rotten old gunboat to the Pau-motus to chase and harry me from one island to another, when I was a legitimate trader. I could have captured that gunboat on two separate occasions had I desired it, and made a bonfire of her for her confounded meddling. And now that I have said so much, I might as well tell you both that if I had wanted to do this old hooker of a brig any harm, and had acted up to the reputation I have of

being a pirate, I could have knocked you to pieces in half an hour; although you do carry four carronades—I've something better than those." Then he added with a hard laugh, "Perhaps you would like me to show you."

There was a brief silence; then De Caen said smoothly, "I am sorry for my remark, Captain Hayes. I did not wish to offend you. But surely no seaman would try to take advantage of shipwrecked people?"

"I do not wish to do *them* any harm, but I want to do myself a considerable lot of good, and it rests with you entirely whether I tell you where to find them, or let you go and look for them—and a pretty search you will have, I can assure you."

De Caen thought a moment. "Anything that it is in my power to do I will do; but surely you will tell me this first—are the survivors in danger?"

Hayes laughed—"Ah, that's a clever question, and I should not answer it until you have heard my condition, and have given me your answer. But I shall. They are not in danger, and furthermore not a single life was lost when the ship was wrecked. This," he added slowly, and watching old Sam's and De Caen's faces, "was told me by Commander Goigoux himself when he boarded my vessel a few weeks ago."

De Caen's face flushed with pleasure: "I am pleased indeed. Now, sir, tell me what it is you wish me to do."

"Steady there if you please Mr. De Cann," interrupted Hawkins, "before you go making any promises now look here Captain Hayes without wishing to cast inflections on your mere verbose statement I would like you to show us some proof that you are not playing us a trick and that you did see Captain Gee—go. I've heard that you are very fond of a joke and—"

"That is all right, my little bantam. I—"

"Bantam! you overgrown turkey-cock," began the old man furiously, when the French officer placed his hand on his arm, and then looked appealingly at Hayes, who was regarding Hawkins with an amused smile.

"For goodness sake, Captain Hawkins, do not let us quarrel. Captain Hayes, I am sure, would not act so heartlessly."

"No, indeed I would not. And there, Captain Hawkins, I meant nothing offensive to you. You're a white man to your backbone. I've heard all about you and this

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CAPTAIN HAWKINS GETS EXCITED

fine vessel of yours years ago from Captain Bannister, who sailed with you as mate when you were in the blackbirding trade—as I am now."

The fat little man was mollified in an instant. "Joe Bannister is a good friend of mine but I was never a 'blackbirder' I got my natives honest square and fair and if you withdraw 'bantam' I regret 'turkey,' both of which are good birds alive or dead,"

and he laughed at his own wit as he held out his hand.

Hayes smiled good-naturedly as he grasped it, and then resumed: "Now the captain, officers, and crew of the transport would be aboard my ship this moment but for three things. In the first place I had on board two hundred and twenty natives who are worth nearly two thousand pounds to me delivered in Samoa; and

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Captain Goigoux would not guarantee me more than fifteen thousand francs for taking him and his men to Noumea; therefore, as a business matter, I could not accept his offer. In the second place, the Governor of New Caledonia might seize me and my ship for some little differences I had with the Admiral at Tahiti. To be perfectly plain, I would have brought the shipwrecked people away, but did not want to risk losing both my ship and my liberty for six hundred pounds. But I told Captain Goigoux that I would try to send him assistance; and if you will give me your promise that you will endeavour to get the Governor of New Caledonia to have the orders for my arrest issued by the Governor of Tahiti cancelled, I will tell you where you can find Captain Goigoux and his ship's company. Have I made myself clear to you? I told him then what I tell you now."

"I will certainly do all in my power for you with the Governor," said De Caen, "for such a service as you propose to render me he will be grateful."

"I hope so," said Hayes quietly. "I have been hunted from one end of the Pacific to the other for five years. I bought land in the Gambier Group, settled down, and would be a rich man by now if the Governor of Tahiti had not driven me out of the Paumotus and then outlawed me for acts I was driven to commit through the interference of the greedy priests and the persecution of his deputy-governor. Now, about the *Marengo*. She went ashore in the straits between New Britain and New Ireland, and broke up very quickly. All the boats but two were smashed in the surf, but the crew all got to shore safely, and a number of stores were saved. From the spot where the ship was lost they made their way to Mioko Harbour, in the Duke of York Island, where you will find them. Half of them are down with fever at one time or another, but otherwise they are safe. They built a cutter from the wreck to carry them to Noumea, but she was accidentally burnt, and when I left they were beginning another; but sickness hinders the work, and the natives have twice attacked them."

He stopped, and then with a twinkle in his eye, as he looked at old Sam, took a letter from his pyjama jacket and went on.

"And here is a letter addressed to the commander of any French ship of war, the naval officer in charge at Noumea, or the French Consul at Sydney or Melbourne.

It was written by Captain Goigoux. No doubt you will open it, Mr. De Caen."

De Caen took the letter from his hand with an eager exclamation, and at once read it:—

"I thank you very much, Captain Hayes. You have made our task easy for us. And the Governor will not forget that Captain Goigoux here writes that you gave him many very necessary articles to aid him in building and fitting out the second vessel he is constructing, and would not accept any payment. For myself I thank you very sincerely."

"And so do I," said old Sam; "and believing in the old axiom that one good turn deserves another I won't charge you for the rice and molasses no one ever said I don't know how to reciprocate in the same way a good or bad action under any circumstances so put up those dollars captain and your good health."

They drank together, and then Hayes rose to leave with the remark that he must not delay, as two of his officers and a dozen of his men were suffering from fever, and that with so many dangerous natives on board he had to exercise great care, only letting fifty on deck at a time, and these were carefully watched. "I have never been caught napping yet," he added, "but I'll be honestly glad when I'm rid of my cargo this time; for they are all recruited from the north end of New Ireland, and are as savage a lot of beggars as ever ate roast man. If they came from various islands, they would be safe enough—I could play one lot against the other if any party of them plotted to take the ship; but all coming from one place I have had an anxious time, with so many of my men sick."

"Have you plenty of arms, Captain Hayes?" said the master of the *Lady Alicia*. "I can spare you ten or a dozen rifles."

"Thank you, I have plenty, more than we could use—if we have to use them. My brig, as you may have seen, is flush-decked, which is another disadvantage; but I have a white line painted across the after part, and another just above the fore hatch. Whenever one of them steps over either of these lines, he gets a crack on the head from a belaying-pin, to make him remember. So far we have had no serious trouble. I treat them kindly, and none of my officers or men hit a man unless he is obliged to do so for our common safety."

Old Sam nodded. "Ay ay once let 'em

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think you're frightened it's a case of bloodshed and murder. But you'll have to be careful captain."

Just as they were leaving the cabin the mate entered.

"The rice and two casks of molasses are in Captain Hayes's boat, sir, but I don't think it safe to lower the other barrels, she won't stand it in such a lumpy sea. She's too deep as she is."

The two captains went on deck and looked over the side—"Drop our own whaleboat into the water, Mr. Collier," said Hawkins, "and put the two casks into her. Then take a couple of hands with you, and get back as quick as you can."

Hayes thanked him for his good nature. "I'm sorry to cause you so much trouble. I would have brought another boat as well, but could not spare the hands. Now won't you come aboard yourself, and have a look at my cargo of woolly-haired devilry?"

Old Sam shook his head, and made his usual remark about not being able to leave his ship when on Government service.

"Can't I go with Mr. Collier, sir," put in Tom quickly; "I'd give anything to go."

"Would you, my cockerel? Well, I don't know. What do you think, Captain Hayes?"

Hayes laughed—"Yes, let him come, captain. He won't fall in love with any one of the dozen or so New Ireland ladies who are aboard. They're uglier than the men, if possible. But he'll see what a 'blackbird' looks like. Come with me in my boat."

Tom was delighted, and presently slid down the boat falls and waited.

Then Hayes, after giving Hawkins some important particulars about the entrance to Mioko Harbour, bade him and De Caen farewell, with wishes for a speedy voyage, and got over the side into his own boat, which shoved off and followed that of the mate.

"You'll get wet before you get alongside, Captain Hayes," cried Hawkins, pointing to a rain squall which was approaching.

The big captain made some jesting reply, and then Hawkins went below to discuss the important news they had learnt with the French officer, leaving Mr. Todd to attend to the ship.

### CHAPTER IX.—THE FIGHT ON BOARD THE "LEONIE"

**M**R. COLLIER'S boat, being much lighter than that belonging to the *Leonie*, and manned by Maori Bill and three stalwart natives, soon left the latter some distance astern. The two brigs had

now drifted about a mile and a-half apart, and presently Hayes, looking at the coming squall, said—

"We'll have to bring to for a while until—" the rest of his words were lost in the hum of the wind and the torrential rain, which descended upon the boat with a noise like the simultaneous falling of thousands of great forest trees; and had not Tom seized a bucket used as a baling, and set vigorously to work, the boat would have filled. For ten minutes Hayes kept her head to wind, then the rain ceased as if by magic, and the sun shone out as brightly as ever.

"It's all over, my lad," said Hayes, as he swung the boat round again, "and—oh, the natives have broken loose. Pull, boys, pull for your lives!"

As he spoke, there came the sound of rifle shots from the *Leonie*, followed by the roar of a heavy gun, answered by yells and savage cries, and Tom saw that the brig was lying all aback, and her after part was crowded with struggling figures.

"Pull, boys, pull!" shouted the captain, as a second gun was fired; "the mate is firing into them with the two after guns. Ah, bravo!" he added, as a third heavy report came from the *Lady Alicia*, "the brig is coming to assist us. Bravo, little man, bravo!"

Tom, who at the first alarm had sprung to double-bank the after oar, took a hurried glance astern, and saw that his own ship was indeed running down with squared yards towards the *Leonie*. Old Sam had evidently fired one of his carronades to let Hayes know he was coming.

For the next five minutes no word was spoken, as the dark-skinned seamen panted and bent to their oars; and Hayes, his face now set hard and cruel-looking, kept his eyes on his ship, from which came the continuous crack of small arms.

As the boat swept on, he stooped down, and from the stern locker took out half a dozen broad-bladed tomahawks, and six short Snider carbines with belts, and filled cartridge pouches and threw them at his feet. The four native seamen showed their white teeth and grinned savagely.

In another two or three hundred yards they overtook Mr. Collier's boat, which was lying to, waiting for the *Lady Alicia*.

"I wish I could help you, sir," shouted the mate quickly, as Hayes passed, "but we are unarmed. Tom, jump overboard, and I'll pick you up."

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But Tom either could not or would not hear, as he tugged away at his oar, although Mr. Collier continued to shout and gesticulate.

"Stay where you are," said Hayes, "you need not come on deck. Now, look out, boys. I'll lay you alongside at the fore-chains. Avast pulling there for a bit, and take these."

In a few moments each man had buckled on his cartridge pouch, thrust a tomahawk through his belt, loaded his carbine, and placed it in readiness beside him. Then once more they seized their oars, and as they dashed alongside, and the bow oarsman grasped the fore-chains, a chorus of savage yells sounded above, as the body of a white sailor was thrown over the side to fall into the boat.

"Up you come!" roared Hayes to his boat's crew, as, tomahawk in hand, he sprang up the chains and disappeared over the bulwarks, followed by the men, leaving Tom alone in the boat, gazing with horror-struck eyes at the ensanguined form lying across the midship thwart on which it had fallen. The sight was too much for him, though his courage quickly returned.

Seizing the painter, he hurriedly made it fast, then ran aft, picked up the remaining carbine, and, with his heart thumping against his ribs, clambered up after the others, and jumped down on deck, landing on the top of some dead natives lying between the bulwarks and the for'ard deck-house.

For a moment or two he was dazed, not only at the sight of the awful carnage the decks presented, but with the din, and smoke, and yells, and curses that filled the air. The fore-deck was covered with dead and dying savages, and the main filled with a swaying surging mass of naked figures, half of whom were pressing towards the after-deckhouse, to which the survivors of the crew had been driven, and the others surrounding the giant figure of Hayes and his boat's crew, who were hacking and hewing their way through them with their hatchets; for, after the first few shots, they had been unable to use their carbines again.

Hardly knowing what he was doing, Tom raised his Snider to his shoulder, and sent his first bullet into the packed mass before him. Then quickly jerking out the empty case, he slipped in another cartridge and fired again.

"That's good!" shouted a voice above him; "jump up here, young feller, quick!"

Loosely coiled on top of the deckhouse was a huge coir hawser, and in the centre of it was the man who had called Tom. He was evidently wounded, for he was in a sitting position.

Putting one foot through a port in the deckhouse, Tom clambered up, and took his place beside him.

"Quick, lie down, and fire into 'em there on the starboard side," said the wounded man; "my arm is nearly broken, and I'm no good. Ah! that's it," he cried, as Tom began firing steadily into a crowd of savages on the starboard side, who were so tightly jammed together that every shot did deadly work. "Hurrah, the skipper's through into the house, and one man with him. Look out, young feller, they've seen us. I oughtn't to have brought you up here. Jump down again and over the side, and swim round to the stern. Don't mind me, youngster, I'm done for. Even if I was all right I can't swim."

"I'll help you," panted Tom, putting another cartridge into the breech, "and the boat is here under the chains."

In an instant they were on their feet, jumped down, and got over the side into the boat just in time, for half a dozen enemies made a savage rush at them, and one, springing up on the rail, hurled a club at Tom. It struck the barrel of his Snider and sent it flying out of his hand into the sea.

The sailor, although his right arm was almost useless, and he had received a slashing cut across his ribs, quickly severed the painter with his sheath knife, and then, pushing the boat off, he put an oar out, and, with Tom's aid, worked the boat round to the stern of the brig.

"The mate and some other sick men are in the cabin; the ports are open, and we can get in if you heave the painter through and have it made fast."

Breathless and excited as he was, Tom, without answering, did as he was told, and as soon as the boat was under the square stern of the brig he called out—

"Stand by there, and catch this line."

A man's face appeared at the port, and, as Tom hove the line, he caught it, and then called out, "All fast."

Leaving the wounded sailor—who protested that he was quite comfortable—in the boat, Tom, with the aid of the painter, got through the port and into the main cabin just as Hayes rushed down the companion.

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"Where is the steward, Mr. Kelly?" he said to the man who had spoken to Tom, and who was lying on cushions on the transoms.

"Dead, sir," and Kelly pointed to a prone figure near the cabin table. "He was one of the first to be cut down when the niggers rushed the after guard. I did what I could for him, but he did not last long."

Hayes bent down and looked into the face of the dead man. "Poor Manuel, poor Manuel," he muttered, and drawing off the tablecloth he spread it over the body. Then, as he turned to speak to his chief officer again, he caught sight of Tom: "Ah, my boy, I'm glad you are safe. Mr. Kelly, we have beaten the natives back for the present, but they have possession for'ard and below in the 'ween decks. But there are two boats coming from that brig, and I hope we can avoid further bloodshed."

The mate, a tall, thin American, who was hardly able to stand through weakness, was about to make some reply, when the boats were reported alongside, and then a second later a hoarse cry rang out—

"Fire! The ship is on fire, sir!"

Hayes leapt up the companion way, followed by Tom, and saw, as he gained the deck, that smoke was issuing from the fore part of the main hatch, which was open. And, at the same moment, and as the men from the *Lady Alicia*, headed by old Sam and Collier, sprang on deck, the natives streamed up from below from both fore and main hatchways, and again attempted to get possession of the deck. So sudden was their onslaught that most of the white men, although they shot five or six of the foremost, were driven back aft to the deckhouse, leaving Mr. Collier, Maori Bill, and Tom cut off and surrounded by a score or so of blood-maddened savages, all armed with clubs and tomahawks. Old Sam, a gigantic American negro belonging to the *Leonie*, and half a dozen of Hawkins's men, made a dash to their aid, and slashed their way through to them with their cutlasses—for they were unable to use their rifles. Tom and Mr. Collier were down, and not knowing whether they were alive or dead, their rescuers picked them up and then fought their way aft again.

Then Hayes, with rage and despair in his heart, as he saw the smoke increase in volume, called out to Hawkins to make a stand with his men on each side of and in front of the deckhouse.

"Keep them at bay for another five minutes. I shall show them no mercy now."

Utterly undaunted by the steady and deadly fire which had been poured into them by the crew of the *Lady Alicia* and the crew of the *Leonie*, the natives made the most determined efforts to overwhelm them by sheer force of weight alone. Then Hayes's voice was heard—

"Stand back there—this will settle the business."

He and some of the *Leonie*'s crew had loaded the two guns with heavy charges of nuts and bolts, nails, and whatever other bits of iron could be found in the deckhouse.

The guns were quickly run forward until their muzzles were almost touching the naked bodies of the savages, and then fired by Hayes and the big negro.

For a moment or two after the bursting roar of their discharge there was silence, and even Hayes, maddened and desperate as he was, could not help shuddering when he saw the awful sight the main deck presented.

Driving all who were left alive of the now cowed and terrified natives down into the fore peak, Hayes and Hawkins turned their attention to the fire, leaving their own wounded to be attended to by Mr. Todd and Lieutenant De Caen, both of whom now appeared with a fresh party of men from the *Lady Alicia* to assist.

The fire was fortunately confined to the after part of the 'ween decks, and the hands from the *Lady Alicia* turned to with such hearty good will that two hoses were soon at work, and a cheer went up when, after ten minutes' vigorous pumping, the smoke rapidly decreased, and a party were able to descend and completely extinguish it.

Then old Sam and Hayes, blackened with smoke, and all but exhausted, went aft to the deckhouse; Todd met them with a grave face.

"Mr. Collier is dying, Captain Hawkins, and wishes to see you; and that poor lad is pretty badly hurt too."

Sitting in the centre of the house, and supported by De Caen, poor Collier was breathing his last, his dark features fast paling with the coming dissolution of soul from body.

Above, in one of the berths, lay Tom with closed eyes and bandaged head. In all the remaining bunks—six in all—there was either a sick or a wounded man. Tom

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had received a heavy blow on his forehead and another on his ribs from a club; the mate had been cut down with a tomahawk.

As Hayes and the captain of the *Lady Alicia* entered, and Tom heard old Sam's voice, he opened his eyes, and vainly tried to sit up.

"My poor boy my poor boy," said the old seaman, stepping over to him, and taking his hand, "are you badly hurt?"

"Not much, sir, but I got a tremendous crack on the side that pains terribly," said Tom in a faint voice. "Oh, how is poor Mr. Collier, sir?"

Hawkins shook his head sadly. "Going fast my lad going fast," he said, as he turned away from Tom to kneel beside the young mate, who was feebly asking for him.

Tom saw the skipper's old white head bend close to Collier's face, and the two men speaking to each other.

Then a brief pause, and then Collier called out distinctly—

"Tom!"

"Yes, Collier," replied Tom.

"Good-bye, Tom, my dear lad. I cannot see your face—good-bye."

He made a faint motion of farewell with his hand, leant his head against old Sam's shoulder, and Tom covered his face, and sobbed under his breath. When he looked again, De Caen and the captain were gone, and the still figure of his friend was lying on the deck with his face covered with old Sam's blue and white silk handkerchief.

Seven of the *Leonie's* crew of thirty had been killed, and as many more wounded; and as soon as possible the bodies of the former were brought on the quarter deck and made ready for burial, together with that of the first mate of the *Lady Alicia*.

For some little time, as the two brigs sailed along within a few cable lengths of each other, Hayes and the master of the *Lady Alicia* paced the quarter deck and talked of the fight. The old man was deeply distressed at the death of Collier, and Hayes, worried as he was with his own troubles, was touched at the spectacle of his grief.

"I am sorry, for your sake, that we ever sighted each other, Captain Hawkins," he said; "more than that I cannot say. I do not want to speak of my own losses; but I do want you to believe me—I am sorry, very sorry."

Old Sam drew his hand across his eyes.

"It cannot be helped," he answered

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huskily, "and I only did for you what was my duty as a man and what I believe you would have done for me if I stood in the same danger but I would rather have lost my ship and all I have in the world than that poor young fellow. A better seaman never trod a deck and a better cleaner livin' man never drew breath an' he's gone with a clean sheet too."

Hayes nodded, and smoked on in silence for another half a dozen turns, then said—

"About that poor boy, Captain Hawkins. His back is badly hurt, and if you take him away with you, the chances are that he will die of fever when you get to New Britain. This is the rainy season, and that some of your ship's company will be laid up with fever is a dead certainty. He will never recover from even a slight attack."

Old Sam groaned. "Poor lad what can I do? Believe me sir I'd as lief die myself as see him go. It would just about finish me if I had to write to his father and—"

"Leave him with me," said Hayes quickly. "I pledge you my honour as a man to take good care of him. With this westerly weather we shall make a quick run to Samoa. If he is not better by the time we get to Apia, there are two good doctors there. And from Samoa he will soon get a chance to return to Australia. I will pay his passage. If you take him with you, you are risking his chances of recovery, strong as is his constitution. Mr. De Caen, turning to the Frenchman, who had joined them, "do you not think so?"

De Caen did think so, and so it was decided that Tom should remain on board the *Leonie*, and old Sam and De Caen went to bid him farewell.

"Tom my hearty," said the skipper, after he had explained to the lad the reasons for his decision, "you have to get well without any prevarication and go home to your father and brother and tell them that old Sam Hawkins isn't a bad old shellback with all his delmits and sincrasses as it were and that he knows his duty and proper evolutions and you'll have Maori Bill with you to remind you of me and the old *Lady A*—for Mr. De Caen is a gentleman and is going to do mate's duty in place of poor Mr. Collier and I've given Captain Hayes the loan of Maori Bill and I want you Tom to never disremember that if you never see old Sam Hawkins again his last words were always do the straight thing and keep clear of drinkin' and swearin' and dirty conduct and do your duty to the

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two sponsions male and female who guaranteed it when you were a mere howlin' baby and give my honoured requests to your father and eat all you can the more vittels you stow aw'ay under the bunt when you have broken bones the more they get settled up as it were and inform their natural functions on the germinus through which the pores circulate. Good-bye my boy and God bless you and never say die under any exemplifications no matter where or how rigidous." And the kind-hearted old sailor wrung Tom's hand so warmly that, even had not the lad's overwrought feelings at parting with him brought the tears to his eyes, the energy of the farewell would have done so. Then De Caen came and bade him good-bye in his effusive French fashion, much to Tom's discomfiture—for what lad with British blood in his veins likes being kissed by a man?—and promised to write to him from Noumea. Late in the afternoon both brigs hove to. Mr. Collier's body was placed in one of the boats from the *Lady Alicia*, and Hayes once again bade Hawkins and De Caen good-bye.

Maori Bill, whose own chest, with Tom's effects, had been sent on board the *Leonie*, shook hands with his captain and Mr. De Caen in silence, and then, quietly walking through the men assembled on the main deck, descended to the boat in which the body of the mate was laid, lifted the rug which covered it, and pressed his face to the dead man's hand, and uttered a short *tagi*, or cry of mourning. Then returning to the deck he stood awaiting the orders of his new captain.

As the two boats pulled quickly away towards the *Lady Alicia*, Hayes waved his hand to De Caen and Hawkins; and then beckoned to Maori Bill.

"Bill, come here. I want you to do the second mate's duty. He will take Mr. Kelly's place. I know that you are a good man and will stand no nonsense. Stand by me, and I will stand by you. Call the hands aft."

The crew trooped aft silently, and Hayes said curtly—

"Men, this man here is the second mate now, instead of Mr. Harvey, who will take Mr. Kelly's place until Mr. Kelly is able for duty again. Remember that he is an officer now, and 'Mr. Chester,' steward," he added, turning to a coloured man who was now doing duty as steward, "serve out some grog."

Grog was served out liberally to the hands

as they stood, and then Hayes brought the brig up a couple of points so as to increase her speed. The breeze had now freshened, and for an hour or so the two vessels kept the same course.

As the sun began to dip into the western sea-rim, Hayes hove-to and hoisted the American colours half-mast. The *Lady Alicia* also brought-to, and half-masted both British and French colours.

Standing in the waist with bared heads, Hayes and most of the crew waited till the bodies of the seven murdered men were brought from aft, and laid side by side on the deck. Then, as he said in low but distinct tones the words, "We therefore commit these bodies to the deep, to be turned into corruption," the canvas-shrouded forms were launched overboard in succession as quickly as possible.

Scarcely had the last body plunged towards its resting-place two thousand fathoms deep, when Hayes called out in a harsh voice—

"Turn to again, Mr. Harvey. East by south is the course. Steward, serve out some more grog to the men. Mr. Harvey, lower the colours, and then run them up again and dip to the *Lady Alicia*."

He strode aft again, and Tom, lying and listening in his bunk in the deckhouse, heard him suddenly burst out into an awful torrent of blasphemy, cursing his ill-luck, his officers, who "could let a lot of naked niggers take charge of the ship, and kill seven men who were as good and better men than any one of them," and the crew themselves for being such a lazy, useless lot of loafers and dead beats, who deserved to have their throats cut. And he added savagely, "he would show them what he thought of such a lot of crawling, useless 'soldiers,' who were not fit to be left in charge of a canal boat tied up to a horse's tail."

He ceased as suddenly as he began, and then, coming to the door of the deckhouse, peered in, and spoke to the fever-stricken and wounded men in such suave and kindly tones, that Tom could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses.

"And how are you, my boy?" he said, coming over to him, and placing his hand on his knees with almost fatherly kindness. "Do you think you can bear moving? I want to have you down in the cabin, where you will be more comfortable than in this house. You can lie on one of the transom lockers, where you will get plenty of air

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through the stern ports. The mate will be near you, and you and he will have to make a race to see who gets on his pins first."

Tom smiled. "Just as you please, sir; but I don't want to give too much trouble."

Hayes nodded. "That's all right. You're to be the leading invalid on board the *Leonie*, and all hands and the cook are to stand by and wait on you." Stepping outside, he called out—

"Send a couple of hands here, Mr. Harvey, to carry Mr. Wallis below; and tell Charlie to come here."

"Charlie" was the sailor with the injured arm, who, as soon as Tom was lifted out of his bunk, appeared with his arm in a sling, contentedly smoking a pipe.

"How are you, Charlie?" said Hayes.

"Right as rain, sir. I guess you've made a good job of it, sir," indicating his arm. "Hallo, young feller, how are you? Here, shake," and he put out his left hand to Tom; "my right arm is parcelled up like a half-dollar roll of preserved Tahiti bananas. Young feller, I reckon that you hev the makin's of a general in you. If it hadn't been for him, captain, I wouldn't be here now. He's grit to the backbone."

Tom was lifted up carefully by two of the crew, and carried below to a comfortable, amply cushioned lounge on the transoms, where he was greeted by the sick mate, whose legs were so enormously swollen from the effects of fever and quinine that he was unable to stand. Otherwise he was perfectly sound, and in full possession of a truly remarkable fund of vituperative expressions, some of which, when he heard Tom let an expression of pain escape him, he hurled at the two men who brought him down. Neither of them, he asserted with many unnecessary oaths, had the strength to lift a sitting hen off her nest, nor the will to pull his mother out of a fire; also that as soon as he "got around" again he would haze their worthless lives out of their useless carcasses for their clumsiness, and derive unalloyed pleasure from seeing them go over the side feet first with a round shot at their heels.

The men, both of whom were Chilenos, grinned and made no reply. They were used to him, for, ruffian and brute as he was to them occasionally, they yet had a liking for him, born out of their constant association with him in the face of danger and death. And Tom, though the man's language and merciless severity shocked and horrified him, later on learned to respect the many good

traits in his character, chief of which were his unswerving devotion and loyalty to Hayes, his iron resolution and dauntless courage, and his restless, untiring energy and watchfulness in all that concerned his duty and care of the ship. Then, too, he had a sense of humour, grim enough, perhaps inborn, perhaps unconsciously acquired from Hayes, who, in his bursts of temper, would kick an offending seaman all round the deck down the companion-way and bawl out "Arnica" to the steward simultaneously.

Unable to sleep from the pain he suffered, Tom was rather glad than otherwise that the mate, from the same cause, was rather restless, and disposed to be very communicative. The night was brilliantly clear and bright from the light of myriad stars, and from the widely opened stern ports he and Tom, who were lying near each other, watched the bubble and boil of the phosphorescent water in the brig's wake as it went hissing astern.

"Guess the Samoan girls have hold of the tow rope now," presently said Mr. Kelly, who, in expectation of one of his frequent attacks of ague, was heavily wrapped up in blankets and rugs, so that only his face was visible; "we have the breeze set steady now, I believe, and ought to sight Vanikoro in a couple of days. Were you a passenger on that brig?"

Tom gave him the history of his adventures, to which the American listened with great interest, and in return he gave Tom an account of the origin of the attempt to capture the *Leonie* by the natives.

When Hayes left to board the *Lady Alicia* the brig was in charge of the second mate, who had with him the carpenter and boatswain, the latter being stationed for'ard to watch the natives—about forty—who were on deck at the time. The chief mate himself, the third officer, and two boys who were suffering severely from fever, were lying down in the main cabin, and in the after-deckhouse were two or three other sick men, and two more were lying on mats under the topgallant foc'sle, being attended to by Manuel, the half-caste Portuguese steward. On the topgallant foc'sle were two white seamen armed with rifles and cutlasses; another stood guard over the main hatchway, keeping watch upon the remaining hundred and eighty savages in their quarters in the 'tween decks, and two other men armed with cutlasses only were stationed one on each side

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of the deckhouse aft. Between the deckhouse and the bulwarks were two brass guns (heavily charged with slugs and bullets), but these had their housings on, on account of the rain squalls, and were not instantly available at the moment they were wanted. The rest of the crew, who were not armed, but whose rifles and cutlasses were handy for use in the for'ard deckhouse, or in their own bunks, were dispersed about the decks engaged in various work, utterly unsuspecting of any danger.

Suddenly, and in the midst of a heavy drenching rain squall, the forty natives on deck sprang upon the crew, killed the two sentries up for'ard and the one at the main hatch, and were instantly joined by many others from below, the poor seaman on guard there being cut down as he was attempting to unhook the ladder and drop it below. A third party, who had cut a hole through the for'ard bulkhead, made their way on deck through the fore-scuttle, and, armed with tomahawks and clubs, united with their fellows, and made a determined rush aft, driving before them most of the unarmed seamen. Fortunately the men who were on sentry in the alley ways beside the house made good use of their Sniders, and so gave their comrades time to obtain arms from both the deckhouse and main cabin. Then it was that the second mate succeeded in firing the two guns. The discharge from the first cut a lane through the swarming savages on the port side; the second, through being badly pointed in the mad confusion, did but little damage.

"Then," added the mate, "you fellows came along, an' I guess I felt pleased. I couldn't get up to take part in the proceedin's myself—had to stay down here and load rifles and pass 'em up on deck. Any-way, it's been a mighty bad business all round. . . . Seven of our men gone, one of yours, and ninety valooable—"

"Don't," said Tom shudderingly, covering his face with his hands—"don't say any more—it was too horrible."

The morning of the third day broke bright and glorious. Overhead, a vault of cloudless blue; beneath, the gently heaving bosom of a sea shimmering and glinting and sparkling in the clear warm sunshine, with here and there groups of white birds floating lazily upon its surface; five miles astern, the high wooded peaks of Vanikoro Island were fast changing their purple loom to a vivid green, as the wind dispelled the mountain mists of the past night.

With every stitch of her snowy canvas swelling to the sweet, cool breeze, the *Leonie* was cutting her way through the water at six knots, almost without noise. Aft, pacing the quarter deck on the weather side, Hayes, dressed as usual in linen pyjamas, and smoking his first cigar, was waiting for his coffee, and casting a look, now at the island abeam, and now aloft; then as his eye fell up on the end of the for'ard deckhouse, which faced the main hatch coamings, and he noticed anew its wrecked and shattered condition, caused by the fire of the guns, his features underwent such a sudden and ferocious change that Maori Bill, whose watch it was on deck, turned his head away and pretended not to notice. In a moment or two, however, the captain resumed his walk, but there played about his lips such a vicious, savage smile, that those who knew him, and had chanced to see it, would have known that there was mischief afloat.

Presently up came Tom from below, walking somewhat stiffly, and carrying two books in his hand.

"Well, Wallis, my boy, how are you this morning? Ready for your coffee, eh? What's that you have?—ah, 'La Pérouse's Voyage autour du Monde.' Who gave you that? Can you read French?"

"Not very well, sir. Mr. de Caen gave me both 'La Pérouse's Voyage' and this one, 'The Fate of La Pérouse,' which is by Captain Dillon, and I am now reading about his discovery of the relics of the *Boussole* and *Astrolabe*, La Pérouse's ships, on Vanikoro in 1828."

"Ha, I must read that. There's Vanikoro, my boy, over there, and that's where Jean François Galaup, Comte de la Pérouse, perished with every other living soul on board the two ships."

Then for the next twenty minutes, as he drank his coffee, he talked; now mentioning some wild adventure in the China seas, now sneering at Englishmen and their "dull pig-headedness," and then suddenly flying off at a tangent and saying—

"Did you ever read that piece about Deering Woods by Longfellow? I know Deering Woods well, although I come from Cleveland City, on the Great Lakes. The smell of those woods is in my nostrils now, even after fifteen years."

Presently the boatswain came aft, and said—

"There is a big nigger sulking, sir. He won't eat. Says he's sick."

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Hayes scowled. "Shamming, I suppose."

"Of course he is. He is the fellow who killed Manuel."

"Ah!" and the savage fury of the captain's voice made the blood in Tom's veins run cold; "that is that big buck who has been at the bottom of the mischief all along. Rout the whole lot of them up on deck; I'll give him some medicine anyway."

Followed by two or three seamen, the boatswain descended to the 'tween decks, and in a few minutes the black "cargo" of the *Leonie* was standing on the main deck. Out of the hundred and thirty who were left, many were wounded, either by bullet or cutlass; a dozen or so women, equally as savage and repulsive-looking as the men, grouped themselves together, and stared sullenly at the captain. Four of the men were handcuffed—these had been especially prominent in the outbreak; among them was the man whom the boatswain had reported as being sick. He was of herculean stature, and the natural ferocity of his aspect was heightened by his hideous red lips, and black teeth, the result of chewing betel-nut.

"Range them on both sides of the main hatch, Mr. Harvey," said Hayes, producing a pocket book, "and tell every man that as I call his name he must step out and come aft."

Then he began to call out the names, slowly and quietly. When no response was made, Harvey called out "dead," and he drew his pencil through the name.

When the last name on the list had been called, and the natives were grouped together aft, Hayes looked at them with a lowering brow. Then he motioned to Harvey.

"Come here, Harvey."

Harvey stepped over to the captain, and for a few minutes the two conversed in low tones, the crew meanwhile, with loaded rifles, keeping a close watch upon the natives.

Then Harvey (the only man on board who could speak the New Ireland language) at Hayes's behest spoke to the sullen savages.

"The captain says this. He is stronger

than you. You tried to kill us all. Now ninety of you have gone into the bellies of the sharks. Now, tell him who among you was the leader?"

There was no answer.

Hayes's face paled with anger. "Tell them that I will take every one of them, one after another, and flog them until I am told who it was hatched the plot."

Harvey repeated his words, but without effect.

"Take that fellow first," said the captain, pointing to the native nearest to him, "trice him up, and flog him until he speaks."

Shuddering and sick at heart, Tom saw the man—a strong, well-built savage, with a mop of hair twisted into hundreds of greasy curls—seized for punishment, and a sigh of relief escaped his lips when at the third or fourth lash he called out that he would tell.

Dewarrian, he said, was the man who had planned the attack. Dewarrian had killed many white men before, and so they listened to him.

Dewarrian, a big native, was brought before the captain by two seamen; Mr. Harvey stood with them to interpret.

"Dewarrian," said Hayes quietly, "you ought to die. But there are too many bloodstains on this deck. So I will spare your life. Trice him up and give him six dozen. Then let the hands get breakfast."

At breakfast Tom did not join the captain, who sat alone at the table, apparently not caring for the society of anyone. During the rest of the day he scarcely spoke, even to his officers, though Mr. Kelly came and reported himself as fit for duty again. A curt nod was the only recognition he received.

Then followed days of weariness and vexation to all, for the wind failed and a long calm ensued, and the captain gave way to such mad bursts of rage that Tom began to sicken of the *Leonie* and her strange master. One night he spoke to Maori Bill on the matter.

"So am I sick of it," said the seaman. "But don't let us talk any more now. This is a dangerous ship, and we must be careful."





## Fiction New and Old

“YOU are none of you old enough,” quoth he who had once playfully styled himself The Ancient Sage, “to remember the time when the production of a novel was an event of national importance.”

We all looked up from the literature—light or otherwise—that was beguiling a wet afternoon in the pleasant, spacious library of a country house. Tea, served very early, had proved a diversion, but there were yet at least a couple of hours to get through before the dressing-bell should ring.

“I recollect,” our Mentor continued, “when ‘*Pickwick*’ first came out in numbers in green paper covers. The appearance of each part was hailed with rapture all over the country, and our schoolmaster always gave us a half-holiday on the day of its publication, that he might read it aloud to us boys.”

“What a charming schoolmaster! I wish I had been to his school.” This from a very young lady who raised her eyes from (say) the eighty-thousandth copy, thirtieth edition, of a work of recent fiction.

“Ah! my dear Miss Phyllis, he was wise in his generation,” replied the Ancient Sage, with a disapproving glance at her volume in its scarlet, black, and silver binding—a glance which said much. “I remember well the eager anticipation of that afternoon. What is there nowadays to compare with such interest?”

“I can remember a much more recent illustration,” said the Author, a mild-looking spectacled man of about fifty. “An article in the ‘*Spectator*’—of course many years ago—began something after this fashion: ‘Now that “*Middlemarch*” is finished, and life has no longer a literary object—’”

“Very possibly, very possibly,” returned

the Sage. “I must retract my remark then, so far as you are concerned. But just look here!” He held up the last number of the “*Weekly Critic*,” open at the page where novels were noticed. “‘The cry is still, They come!’ Week by week march up the files of new works of fiction, to be dismissed, each of them, with half a dozen words! Reviewing comes to be an absolute farce in the crowd and hurry of this production. Or, rather, it reverts to the style of military reviewing, and is done wholesale. I remember when reviews *were* reviews: long, leisurely, delightful articles of two or three columns, with extracts from the novel under criticism interestingly sandwiched in smaller type. The critic thought out his judgment, and backed it up by illustration, as we were told to do at college. Now where is the art of reviewing? Gone!”

“The reviewer is certainly overworked,” observed the Author, “and is also apt to state the fact in a somewhat irritating manner, calling himself ‘unlucky,’ and ‘harassed,’ as if he would say, ‘My dear man, why *do* you pester me so with your stories? Can’t you see I have enough to do already?’”

“Hardly the state of mind conducive to fair judgment,” I remarked.

“So I have often felt, Miss Heriot, from my own experience,” mildly returned the Author.

“Nonsense!” ejaculated the Sage. “You have nothing to complain of, and you know it.”

“Well, it *has* occurred to me,” the other continued, “that, after all, if everyone spared the reviewer, where would his occupation be? But seriously, it requires greater skill to say a dozen words to the point about a book than to write two

## Fiction New and Old

columns about it. Concentration is a difficult art; and the modern reviewer shows more ability than his predecessor, since he is constantly forced to omit and to condense to a preposterous degree."

"When I write my 'History of the Literature of the Nineteenth Century'—" We started at these words from a young man, not remarkable for literary proclivities, who had just strolled in from the billiard-room. "Don't be alarmed! I shall not write it till people have done disputing when the twentieth century begins; but when I write it, I mean to say that the rise of the novel is the chief literary feature. That, in short, the novel is the exponent of the nineteenth century. That isn't my own! I read it somewhere."

We smiled as he subsided into a wicker chair near Miss Phyllis.

"It is perfectly true, whoever said it," remarked the Student, a gentleman who had not yet spoken. He was rambling round the library, taking down first one volume and then another, "browsing among books." "I remember Emerson prophesying that the novel would come to be the expression of the inner life of the nation. And how thoroughly this has been fulfilled! There is no social question too intricate—no philosophy too profound—no history too remote—no phase of life too eccentric—no trade or occupation too far outside the pale of ordinary experience—to escape the novelist."

"True enough," acknowledged the Ancient Sage, "and, in fact, the more remote, eccentric, or extraordinary the subject-matter, the greater is the chance of the novel being read, it seems to me. To be popular, a book must be arresting. There is such a clamour of voices in the crowd, that to be heard you must scream. Would tender, delicate, and thoughtful work like Mrs. Gaskell's 'Wives and Daughters'—would Mrs. Oliphant's quieter stories—would even George Eliot's books acquire, if published in the present day, the reputation they now have? I do not believe the mass of people would read them. And I do not suppose Miss Phyllis here, for instance, has read Scott, to say nothing of Thackeray?"

Miss Phyllis turned rather pink, and observed that Scott's novels were "so difficult to get into."

"The difficulty of 'getting into' them is an old story," quoth the Student with a quiet sigh. "But putting Scott aside, is the

'firework portent' a healthy sign? A novel such as the one Miss Phyllis is now reading soars up in a trail of brilliance; all eyes are fixed upon it, and by-and-by there are only ashes and a charred stick."

Miss Phyllis looked guiltily at her book, as if she expected it to crumble into blackness on her lap.

"Apart from such flights of imagery," observed the Author, "there is a practical side to the question which affects my craft. While the writers of these startling stories are paid enormous sums, the 'ordinary' worker in fiction can get very little, and may be thankful if his book does not turn out a loss. The tendency of it all is certainly to discourage good work that is not 'arresting' in its character. I am convinced that there are among us a number of writers who, say, twenty-five years ago would have been appreciated, but who now simply cannot struggle to the front. This is a loss to the public, and a loss to literature."

"There is another thing to be deplored," said the Student. "The authors who make *one* such violent success are immediately tempted by their publishers to over-produce, and are pretty sure to do so."

"Against what you are saying of the 'firework portent,'" I observed, "you have to put the popularity of what is, I think, offensively styled the Kailyard School. What can be more homely, quiet, and simple than a book I love dearly—Barrie's 'Window in Thrums,' for instance?"

There was a little general discussion on this and other popular Scottish stories. Somebody inquired whether it was not the novelty of the local colouring that had, in the first instance, attracted public attention, held afterwards by the genius of the writer in question; and, as to this, opinions differed.

The Ancient Sage seemed distinctly in a pessimistic vein.

"Ah! you younger people," he exclaimed, "will never know the thrill of generous enthusiasm which was produced by the fiction which had for its object to right abuses, and widen the charity of mankind—Charles Dickens, Charles Reade, Charles Kingsley, George Macdonald! How many books their names recall which have been veritable emancipators of the oppressed! But do people read them now as they ought? and are there others who take their place in this sort of work?"

I ventured to interrupt with suggestions

## Fiction New and Old

of Sir Walter Besant's stories, George Meredith's "Beauchamp's Career," and Mr. Whiteing's "No. 5 John Street." The energy of the novelist-reformer has now concentrated itself almost entirely upon the burning question of the misery of the very poor.

"Well, that may be," acknowledged the Sage, "but it is certainly depressing to find books which glow with such intense passion, which produced such an effect in their day, cast aside in favour of some sensational absurdity."

"The books you mention have done their work," said the Student; "there is no longer any need for them. People do not read attacks, however inspired, upon evils that have ceased to be."

"And there is another thing they will not read," observed the Author, "didactic teaching in a novel. Perhaps this is why George Eliot's stories have declined—as we are told—in popularity. Any attempt to 'improve the occasion' in direct fashion infuriates the modern reader."

"Yet there was never a time when the novel was a more powerful instrument of moulding popular opinion," said the Student. "It must be done by the action of the characters, however, not by the author *in propria persona*."

We talked a little of one or two very clever stories of a new type, in which the characters did nothing but say brilliant things. Would such books live?

"After all," said the Author meditatively, "is the survival of the individual book a matter of such great consequence? If a book in any way has helped to make, or to brighten the thought of a people, it has attained a sort of immortality."

"Apropos of the decline of didactic fiction," I remarked, "I am always made rather angry by a sort of story that professes to be the very opposite, and literally involves itself in smartness. The type of story I mean is fond of introducing an aged and imbecile female cousin in the country, much given to 'writing for the religious magazines.' It seems quite *le dernier cri* if such a magazine can be derided by name. And the utter degradation of everyone living in 'the suburbs' is taken as a matter of course; while the characters, as they sparkle in and out, seem to say to the ordinary reader, 'Of course, you can never be like us: but be as like us as you are able to be.'"

"Temporary absurdities," said the Student indulgently, "not worth your ire."

"I think, you know," observed the young man who was going to write the History of Literature, "you are all rather hard on 'smart' or startling books. People want their attention arrested nowadays. Life is a hard and complex affair—and if a quiet story after the manner of Miss Austen or Mrs. Gaskell doesn't go like wildfire—well, I for one don't blame the public. Things are different."

"Are they not different in this way, also?" said the Student, bending his brows. "It is against the best literary standards of the day to *gush*—to expatiate on the obvious. The good, self-conscious, solemn little prophet of either sex is no longer exalted! We *don't say* now what we feel on the dearest and most sacred of subjects."

"But we are able to refrain from saying it, partly because other people *have said* it in the past," suggested the Ancient Sage.

We did not seem likely to agree on this aspect of literary reserve, and I turned the conversation to an altogether different side of modern fiction—the multiplication of romances dealing with the impossible—fairy-tales, in fact, for grown-up children.

"I am passionately fond of them," I confessed. "I devoured 'King Solomon's Mines,' and went to sleep with Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Island Nights' Entertainments' under my pillow—oh! I know the literary difference, but I am just telling you facts. Now there are H. G. Wells, Max Pemberton, Anthony Hope, among others, all at work in this kingdom. And upon a fantastic background delicate shades of emotion are portrayed, and characters are developed with the utmost pains—as, for example, in that piece of artistic workmanship, 'The King's Mirror,' by Anthony Hope."

"You are forgetting the best of all of them—'Aylwin,' by Theodore Watts-Dunton," said the Author.

We discussed this class of book for a while longer, and although we disagreed as to the worth of many of the books in question, I think we agreed in gratitude to the builders of the airy fabric of romance which lies about us and beyond—the refuge into which we can depart at will from the sordid cares and worries of this troublesome world.

"Talking of 'Aylwin,'" said the Student, "have you observed the wonderful charm of a book in which the language is chosen with a poet's instinct, so as to be the very best that can be? The English tongue

## Fiction New and Old

ceases to be the plain ordinary medium for the expression of thought which we are accustomed to think it—it is to the ordinary novel-writer's English as a diamond is to glass. How it increases the delight of reading when the actual words are music!"

"There is something of the same thing in 'Lorna Doone,'" I remarked.

"Yes, but unfortunately it is very rare," said the Sage. "Authors are in too great a hurry to say what they have got to say, and don't care how they say it. If it were not for the lamentable pressure of novels, and consequent compression of reviews, of which I spoke, reviewers would no doubt be critically severe on this point of style; as it is, they confine themselves to noting the more glaring blunders in grammar made by the popular storyteller."

Miss Phyllis had sat very quietly with her novel on her lap during the conversation, as feeling herself in some sort arraigned. She now suddenly plucked up courage, and broke forth:

"You have been saying (for I heard you) that novels nowadays deal with the very deepest questions that can possibly be. They make history real; they tell you lots of things you don't know about everything; they discuss politics, and art, and religion, and all about the poor, and so on. Then I think it's *very unjust*" (this, with a vindictive look round the library, especially at the Student) "to call a girl frivolous because she only reads novels! What can she do better than know about—about all those things?" she added vaguely.

"There are novels and novels," I began, rather unkindly, with a glance at the eighty-thousandth copy in its gaudy dress.

"Ah, Miss Phyllis's question is a deep one," said the Student, pausing at the shelves. "It has been answered in an inimitable manner *here*." He placed his hand affectionately on "The Works of Thomas Hill Green."

"Yes," returned the Author eagerly. "Everyone who wishes really to understand the true place of the novel in literature should read the essay on 'The Value and Influence of Works of Fiction.' I believe I know it almost by heart."

"I don't think we are all likely to read it," observed the young man, "so cannot you tell us the gist of the essay?"

"Not a very easy task," returned the Author. "But Professor T. H. Green objects that the novel must necessarily give the circumstantial view of life as opposed to the ideal view—and it must be limited in its scope. In reading a great tragedy, a sad ending—for instance, the death of a hero in a noble cause—does not depress us. We feel that what seems loss may in the end be gain, for himself and for humanity. But a sad ending is intolerable to the novel-reader. And why? Because the doctrine of the novelist, induced by the conditions of his craft, is that to 'marry and live happily ever after' is man's chief end. The novel concerns itself with the actual, the external; we find ourselves, within its pages, again in the world, which is

Too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,  
whereas we should strive to rise towards the  
eternal, the ideal.

"The novel, also, which professes to show us life, cannot possibly show us the whole of life. It cannot, for instance, reproduce the long years of waiting and struggle which often build up character. And this is why novel-reading is familiarly said to 'give false views of life,' and why even the best novels should not form the exclusive reading of anybody."

Miss Phyllis drew a long breath.

"Well, when all is said," observed the Student, "we owe a mighty debt to these people whom we have been criticising so glibly—the men and women who build up for us our castles of romance—and perhaps still more to those who extend sympathy from man to man and class to class. I believe our Professor acknowledges that this is a special function of the novelist, and if he could revisit the world to-day he would recognise that, perhaps beyond his utmost vision in the past, the pen of fiction shall become a weapon with which to fight our way to the Utopia of our dreams."

LILY WATSON.



## Salmon

STANDING on the bridge at Kelso, early one moonlight night some thirty years ago, we were looking over into the river, which seemed to be moving upwards instead of down, and to be taking its bed with it. After a moment or so it was evident that the bed of the stream was hidden from view, and that what was moving was a compact mass of fish that extended nearly the full width of the water, and was passing up in close order, side to side, and nose to tail. For an hour we stood and watched this army of salmon, looking down on the innumerable brown backs as they came from under the stone arches, with just a glint of silver here and there in the distance as they neared Floors Castle; and when we left they were travelling as thickly as when we began to notice them. It was the first time we had seen salmon going home to spawn, and the sight was a striking one. How many there were we know not, but there must have been quite a hundred in each row, and a row passed from under the bridge every second as steadily as if on a driving band.

That autumn we walked up the Tweed first on one bank, then on the other, wherever trespassers were not to be prosecuted, and often where they were, from Peebles by Neidpath and Drumelzier and the Crook Inn, and beyond to Flocket Hill, where what seemed to be the main feeder

came trickling from a swampy stretch of peat; then down by the Annan Water to Moffat, and thence by the Yarrow to Selkirk and Melrose and Kelso, and up the Teviot and down again, and on by Coldstream and Norham to Berwick; and wherever the water was deep enough fish were in plenty. In those days the Tweed was a good fishing river; it is not so now.

Year by year the fishing by rod or net gets worse, subject to a trifling improvement when the season is exceptionally wet. The nets below Coldstream and in the tidal waters below St. Thomas's have so overfished and blocked it that rod fishing is practically extinct except during the weeks after the nets are removed.

The salmon caught by the rod is a trifle compared to that caught by the net and other "fixed engines," but the interest of the anglers is really the interest of the fish, as the more that get into the upper waters to give sport to the flyfisher the more

there are to propagate the race. On the Tweed, as elsewhere, the remedy for the present scarcity is clear enough—the restriction of netting to the tidal portion of the river, the institution of a close time of a couple of days each week to allow of the fish getting well upstream, and the extension of the close time for rods for another month, so as to give the fish a longer rest.

Considering the way in which the salmon rivers are barricaded with nets, it is difficult



A SNAPSHOT AT FEEDING TIME



BANN FALLS. THE CUTTS SALMON FISHERY, COLERAINE. LOOKING WEST

for any fish to get up them at all. Snap nets, draft nets, drift nets, trammel nets, pole nets, bag nets, stake nets, nets worked with cobles, nets worked with coracles, and all working on the principle of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs—really it is a wonder that the salmon is not extinct.

### Modes of Fishing

How many salmon are caught no one knows. The old estimate was based on the number of boxes of a hundredweight each sent to Billingsgate in a year, but Billingsgate no longer has the monopoly of the salmon trade, many of the boxes going direct to the principal provincial towns; and a fairer test, but a very rough one, is furnished by the returns of the railway and steamship companies. In 1895 these companies took from Scotland 4,229 tons, in 1896 the amount had sunk to 3,278, in 1897 it had become 2,194, in 1898 it was 1,717. In 1895 the Scottish boxes that went to Billingsgate were 25,364, in 1898 they were only 14,174. And the returns from Ireland and England and Wales show the supply to be similarly on the decrease. Most of the London salmon come from Scotland—Aberdeen, Fochabers, Newburgh, and Annan being the chief centres—about a quarter as much comes from Ireland, about an eighth from Norway; Holland supplies about sixty tons, and England and Wales about fifty. The so-called “frozen salmon” of the Billingsgate people now coming in increasing quantities is the Canadian quinnat, which in cold-air chambers has to be shipped across the Pacific from British Columbia to Australia, and from there sent to this country, thus accomplishing a sea voyage of twenty thousand miles.

The salmon season begins in the middle of February when the supply is naturally poor, it increases gradually till April, doubles in May, doubles again in June, doubles again in July, when quite a third of the season's catch comes to market, then drops nearly to the June level in August, and dwindle out in the beginning of September, when netting ends. And each July the numbers are less and the price higher. During the ten years ending in 1896 the average July price—the lowest of the year—was elevenpence farthing a pound: it is now a penny an ounce.

As a source of supply, rod-fishing may be disregarded; its season makes no difference on the market, which is fed almost entirely

from the nets. You can no longer ride the Solway sands and spear the salmon in the pools; you must no longer use a leister or attract the fish by lights; you must not use salmon raun—that is roe—or doctor the water; all that sort of thing is now punishable by law. But you can still capture salmon by cruives and putts and putchers, the said putts and putchers, otherwise known as trumpets, being fixed wicker-work baskets.

A cruive is known in England as a fishing milldam, and is a box fitting into a gap in a dam or dyke in such a position that the fish must pass over it, or into it, on their way up the river. There are only ten of them now left in Scotland, two on the Awe, one on the Cluden, four on the Don, two on the Earn, and one on the Forth. In the past they were numerous, and wherever they have been removed or allowed to go to ruin the fishing has been all the better for it. The largest of these cruives is on the Forth, about a mile below the mouth of the Teith, and it measures six feet broad by thirteen feet long, being a conspicuous object on account of the tall framework above it on which are the levers by which are lifted the wooden blinds that shut off the water when the fish are taken out. The old Scottish Acts forbid the erection or maintenance of any cruive “where the sea fillis and ebbis.” This cruive, strangely enough, is placed within the range of the ebb and flow, and at springs the box is filled with water from beneath by the action of the rising tide.

Farther down the Forth the fish are caught in stage nets, long rows of wicker-work fixed to stakes with gaps of fourteen or sixteen feet between them, filled with bag-nets. The bag-net is a favourite engine for the capture of salmon all round the coast. On the western seaboard of Scotland there are 481 of these nets in use for salmon catching in July, each net having a duplicate ashore, each pair costing £33 to buy and about £45 a year to keep in order. Salmon are also caught in drift nets like mackerel, and in sweep nets or seines, which is the most attractive method of all. There are few finer sights than the working of a seine: the body of the big net rowed round the shoal and let out from the boat so as to form a semicircle, the hauling of the ends to the shore; the gradual closing in; the leaping of the fish as they are dragged nearer and nearer to the beach; and the

## Salmon

final scene as they are caught up on the sands or in the shallow water, their graceful forms gleaming like silver as they struggle to get free.

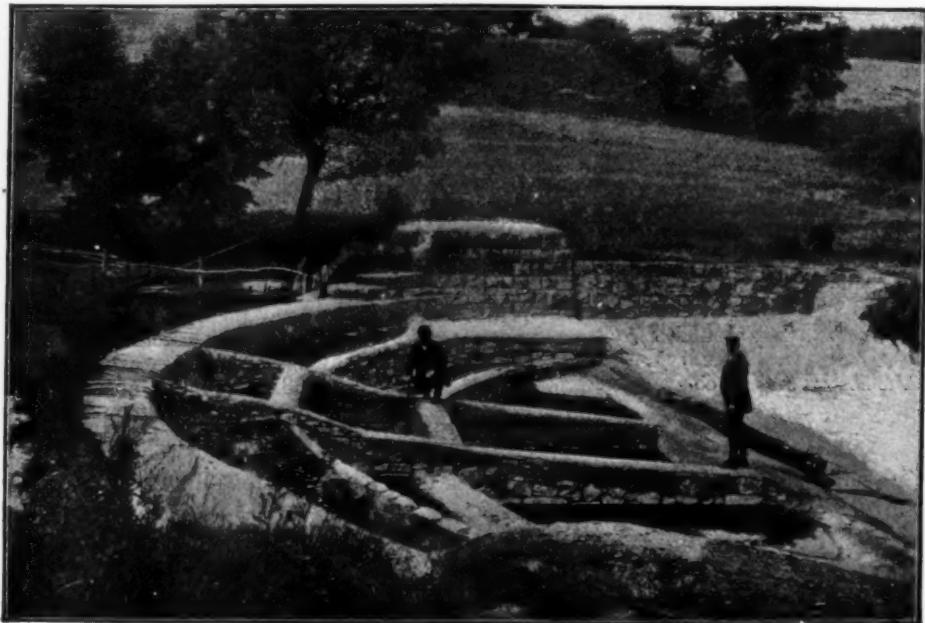
Among the other moving nets, perhaps the most effective are the truckles, which are nearly fifty feet long, and are worked between two boats; and among the best of the fixed nets are the funnel-shaped halve of the Solway, which is the same as the lave of the Severn, and the stop nets of the Wye and Usk. The last is a much fished river, as well as a good fish river, which has been brought to its present state by a course of enlightened policy in forming an angling association of all the riparian owners above tidal waters, who forego their right of netting, but exercise the right of letting the angling, the only nets and putchers being in the tidal estuary, and so arranged as to give plenty of room for the fish to pass.

### The Supply

As the supply of salmon depends on the number that reach the upper waters for the purpose of spawning, it is evident that in a river that salmon are desired to frequent, not only should the nets be passable, but

there should be a water-way through all other obstructions, whether artificial or natural. There are many instances where the removal or piercing of an obstruction has improved the fishing. On the Usk, the cutting through of Trostrey Weir has made an enormous difference in the number of fish; and on the North Tyne, the removal of Bywell Dam converted that stream into the richest salmon river in England. With a natural obstruction the matter is different: one can hardly ask a man to make a passage up a waterfall, particularly when, as in Scotland, he may lose money by it; but wherever this has been done elsewhere it has proved to be worth doing. On the Ballisodare in Sligo, for instance, the owner built a series of fish-ladders up the Cullooney Falls, which cost £1,000, and in a few years the revenue from the salmon caught amounted to three times as much as he had spent.

Another cause of the scarcity of salmon, and an important one, is pollution, the pollution that makes the water too foul for the young fish to live through on their way down, though it may not affect the mature fish going up. Factories and distilleries have much to answer for, particularly distilleries of late years; in fact, the recent



FISH PASS AT PONT NEWYDD

boom in Scotch whisky has caused the destruction of smolts by the million.

But the smolt has many other dangers to pass through besides journeying through poisoned waters — bigger fish, and sea-gulls, and boy anglers, among the worst. And as eggs or fry young salmon have enemies innumerable, which seem to get worse every year. Fishes and insect larvae and ducks and waterfowl feed on the eggs, so that the number hatched is trifling compared with the number deposited; and as to the fry, they seem in most districts to have as many foes above the water as in the water. It is owing to this that the system of artificial hatching is being more and more adopted, in nearly all cases with such excellent results. In Ireland there are ten such establishments; in England there are more, but not exclusively for salmon.

#### Matlock Hatchery

There is one of these hatcheries—but it is for trout—at that beautiful spot Matlock Bath in Derbyshire, where the Derwent has cut a gorge through the mountain limestone, and on one side the white cliffs rise nearly sheer from the river. The woodland strip at the foot of the precipice is a public walk, and at its end, close to a delightful weir, is the hatchery, compact as if it were a model.

The first portion is in a small shed built against the rock. Here water direct from a neighbouring spring is led into a series of earthenware trays arranged like a flight of stairs with the inlets and outlets alternated so that the water flows along the length of each before it passes down to the next in succession. At the bottom of each tank is a thin layer, little more than a sprinkling, of fine gravel, and it is on this that the ova are laid as soon as fertilised, the fertilisation taking place by stripping the eggs from the

female fish, and dropping on to them the milt gently squeezed from the male.

The eggs, like the young fish, are practically transparent, and the changes in them from the formation of the eyes onwards are clearly visible. In about six or seven weeks they hatch out, and each tiny youngster swims about, having attached to him, or her, the vesicle containing the yolk of the egg on which he feeds as he gradually develops into a lively well-shaped fish requiring other food. In this instance the food is raw beef or lights, passed through a mincing machine; it looks like red putty, and a pinch of it dropped into one of the trays produces a rush from all sides, and a struggle for as much as possible that would do credit to a tribe of hungry savages.

As they grow larger the fish are transferred to a tank outside, into which the water delivers from the trays, and from which it flows away into the river. The tank is covered with boards; the trays being in the shed are sheltered from the light when the door is shut. Another pinch or two of minced beef dropped into the tank leads to a similar wild scramble, in which the hesitating and weak are triumphed over by the artful and strong.

And now we go a few yards down the river below the weir. In the early stages, as we have seen, spring water is used; in the succeeding stages the water is from the river, taken from the top of the weir. The trays were in shelter from the vagaries of



BANN FALLS, THE CUTTS, COLERAINE, LOOKING SOUTH

## Salmon

the weather ; the tank was in the open air, but covered ; the remaining tanks are out in the open, and uncovered. Thus there is a gradual approach to the natural conditions under which the fish are to live.

These tanks are built of concrete, the larger of them being faced with stone on the river side. The first three are covered with a sort of poultry cage of wire-netting, the netting being to keep out the kingfishers and other enemies of the youthful trout. In these tanks the yearlings are placed, active young fish of about five inches in length on the average, but differing as much in size as boys will do. As they grow older this difference in dimensions becomes even more marked, some fish of the same brood being half as large again as others. Evidently the size of a trout is no guide to its age.

Outside the cage is the tank occupied by the two-year-olds, and alongside that, being the last of the series, is the one in which are the fathers and mothers of the thousands of all ages we have passed in review. These are not entirely fish from the Derwent. Nowadays you buy your eyed ova, or your yearlings, or your full-sized fish from any part of the country, and you can make any hybrid that pleases you. Some of these are Loch Leven trout, some brook trout, it having been found that a cross between these two is a fish well adapted for this part of the river, the pure Loch Leven being too fond of deep water to stay so far up stream.

This hatchery is the property of the local angling association, who thus go farther than preservation, and in true sporting spirit do their best to make good any scarcity due to over-fishing and other causes. If other angling societies would only work on similar lines, what a change for the better there would be !



A SALMON FISH-POND

### Other Salmon Hatcheries

Hatcheries are all on the same plan, though they differ in details. In all spring water is used at the outset, but instead of gravel in the trays, most of them now have grills of glass tubes on which the eggs are placed in parallel rows, the spaces between the tubes being such as to allow the alevins to slip down between them, leaving their egg-skins behind, the grill being removed when all the ova are hatched. Instead of earthenware, the trays are made of slate or stone or wood charred on the inner side to prevent fungoid growth. At Howietoun, near Stirling, the great hatchery established by the late Sir James Gibson Maitland, there were a few years ago—and perhaps there are now—134 of these trays, nearly 7 feet long by 19 inches wide, each capable of taking 15,000 eggs on its four grills. And when all these were filled in December, together with half a dozen tanks generally occupied by young fry, nearly four millions of eggs could be dealt with at once.

There are several other salmon hatcheries in Scotland. One at Dupplin on the Earn, in the Tay district, can take 570,000 ova ; one at Drum on the Dee, about eleven miles from Aberdeen, has accommodation for a million, and successfully hatches and puts into the river 97 per cent. of them ; one on the Don close by at Fish Street, deals with 60,000. There is a hatchery on the Ugie, another on the Deveron, another at Balnacraig on the Alness, capable of hatching out 100,000 ova ; another on the Conon at Conon Bridge, capable of hatching out just double as many. There is one at Sandside in Caithness, in the north ; another at Newabbey on the Nith, in the extreme south ; another, with capacity for 200,000, at Tongland on the Solway Dee. There is one on the Lochy, or rather on the Cour, for 60,000, belonging to Lord Abinger ; there is one on the Brora for 70,000, and another on the Helmsdale for 100,000, both belonging to the Duke of Sutherland. And there is one at Fochabers, belonging to the Duke of Richmond, which puts nearly a million fry into the Spey every year.

At this hatchery the ova-trays or boxes, as they are usually called, are lined with enamelled tiles. And here the impounding tank is very large, it being capable of keeping a hundred salmon in captivity. Unlike trout, salmon must visit the sea every year, so they cannot be retained all the year round as the trout are at Matlock. The



GATHERING UP FISH FROM THE STOCK-PONDS

labour required in catching fish just ripe for spawning is enormous, owing to the number that have to be returned to the river on account of their not being ready; but with a tank much of this trouble is avoided, as those that are not quite ready can be retained until they will allow of being stripped and set at liberty.

#### Young Salmon

The artificial feeding of the youthful salmon—technically known as the alevin—begins just before the absorption of the umbilical vesicle, and the food, as in the case of the young trout, is minced raw beef or liver. The youngsters now begin to assume the trout-like colouring of the parr, and as parr they remain for a year or more. Then the yellow tinge on the flanks and the red spots on the side disappear, the parr markings fade, and the coat and gill-coverings become of a silvery hue. The fish is then from five to eight inches long, and is a smolt; and as the main characteristic of a smolt is an overwhelming desire to go to sea, the only thing to do is to give him an easy passage to the river, as otherwise he will simply commit suicide by leaping out on to the banks of his pond, or damage himself in other wild efforts at escape.

He departs weighing perhaps five ounces; he returns from sea to fresh water as a grilse, weighing as many pounds; he spawns and goes to sea again as a kelt, and returns the following year, as a salmon of

double the weight. Until he is caught he will come back every year, growing larger and larger, until he may weigh sixty pounds or more; and each time he will enter the river robust and well-fed, and leave it lean and hungry, for, strange to say, he eats nothing in fresh water until after spawning, and very little then. Really, he only feeds when in the sea.

Thus, as an "alevin," when he is in the larval stage, as a "parr" or "samlet," when he is like a young trout, as a "smolt," when he is in his silver livery bound for the sea, as a "grilse," which is a young salmon that has never spawned, and as a "kelt," which is a salmon returning to the sea after spawning, he has passed through all the stages to maturity. And, speaking in a general way, he will return year after year to the river in which he first swam seawards, though it may not always be to spawn.

If you catch him and all his companions you can hardly feel aggrieved at the absence of their families. One of the numerous Royal Commissions is about to sit. What is wanted is not more separate legislation for England or Ireland or Scotland, but a general Act dealing with the three countries together, giving power to local authorities to modify details by means of by-laws. If it can accomplish this, and insist on making passes through dykes and up falls, and confine all netting to the sea and tidal estuaries, it will have given our salmon supply a new lease of life.

W. J. GORDON.

# The Flittings of Shanny<sup>1</sup> Amery

BY IDA LEMON



TROTTY HALL WENT IN HER DONKEY-CART AND FETCHED HER

**A** DARK, shrivelled, skinny old woman she was, her hands crippled by rheumatism, and her back bent by years of toil. Her black eyes alone had occasionally a look of youth. At the sight of money they could still flash; but for such display of fire there was little opportunity in the life of Shanny Amery.

She lived with a granddaughter and her husband, who treated her kindly, and who, in return for the half-crown allowed her by the parish, gave her bed and board and the most comfortable seat by the fireside. In the winter Shanny Amery seldom stirred from this shelter, but in the summer, when the weather was hot, she would creep into the lane or into the field where the reapers were reaping, for a gossip with some old crony, or to see how the world was wagging. Far she could not stray, her poor old knees

being stiff, and her knotted hands unable to firmly grasp the stick on which she leant.

Only once had Shanny Amery been known to go any distance, and that was when, alone, she crawled across two fields and down into the High Street where her son lay ill from a kick given him by a plough horse. A worthless fellow was Corner Amery, so called in that place of nicknames (the small variety of surnames otherwise causing confusion), because his cottage was the last in the road; but though none of Shanny's children did her much credit, she appeared satisfied with them; at any rate, what instincts she retained were maternal.

That walk, with the needful rests, took her two hours (she had done it in a quarter of one when she was a girl); and when she arrived, Dirty Amery, Corner's wife, had to

<sup>1</sup> Shanny = wild or foolish.

## The Flittings of Shanny Amery

fetch brandy from the rectory and put her to bed with the children in the kitchen. But Shanny saw her son, and went home cheerfully the next day in a wheelbarrow.

Perhaps it was because she was unsettled by this glimpse of the outer world in the heart of the village: perhaps it was because she was scolded when she got home: perhaps it was because she was essentially restless and independent, that Shanny began to speak of flitting. But she said it was owing to the prospect of the baby.

Her granddaughter had been married for ten years and had no family, and Shanny had been sorry for Eliza. But she was angry when, after all that time, and after three years of comfort for herself in the quiet home, there was an infant expected. "Better late than never" was not her maxim in this case, and she was somewhat unreasonably annoyed with Eliza. Perhaps her absence of sympathy, combined with feeling poorly herself, irritated Eliza, who was ordinarily a sweet-tempered woman enough. At any rate she sometimes lost patience with Shanny about this time. Then Shanny told their neighbour, the Great Eastern, the gossip of the place, that she was unhappy, and it soon spread through the village. Eliza's husband heard it at his work, and he came in and gave Shanny a piece of his mind. And there were words, and Eliza cried, and Shanny's voice grew shrill and she hinted darkly that half-a-crown a week was not to be sneezed at, and there was no doubt that if she lived alone she would have coals at Christmas, like the other widows, which she was done out of now, let alone some flannel.

"I see how t'be," she said. "Now there'll be a baber I'm not wanted. Self's allers at home, and I should only be in t'way with Liza having her arms full. Besides, I don't know as I should relish t'sound of a baber crying all t'night. I'm not so deaf as that cum to. And I'm not so old neither but that I have my notions."

Eliza's husband bade her, not unkindly, "not to be a fule."

But she shook her head from side to side, and her keen old eyes looked thoughtful, and her thin lips were almost hidden, so close were they pressed together. Shanny Amery was thinking of the two-roomed cottage which was empty in the street.

Shanny had plenty of time for thinking, and she laid her plans and began to be restless. She often regarded her bony arms, turning back her shawl and her sleeve.

"T'doctor talk that my skin 'ull graderally wäast away, but that doant seem that much thinner than that was a year gone by, and I may last yet. And am I tu wait and see t'babers crawling about and worritting of me, and Liza inheritable all the taim? Noa, I goes and I goes sune."

So, when Corner's eldest girl came to see her, she sent a message that Corner's wife was to inquire about the cottage, and she would like to move in before the winter got too fierce.

When *that* rumour reached Eliza's husband (such things always reach the persons concerned last), he came home and laughed good-humouredly.

"Yow're right silly," he said, "tu think o' such a thing. Fain and comfortble yow'ed be all alone—yow that lean on Liza here for every leetle thing. Yow'd best put such nonsense out o' yer head, old woman, and doant be so fulish."

"Oh, no doubt you think it's a maniac I've got in me," said Shanny. "But maniac or no maniac, I'm going."

"Yow'll kill yerself, Granny," said Eliza, who, though the old lady's presence was not a pleasure to her, was too kind-hearted to let her go into what she knew must be suffering. "Yow'd better stay where yow are."

"And mäind yow," said Harry, "we're willing tu keep yow, and we doant want yow ter go, but once gone there's no comin' back. Yow'd get round Liza, but yow shaant get round me. What I say I mean. Yow need never ask tu come back, for I wouldn't never täak yow in."

Nevertheless Dirty Amery was one day seen scrubbing the floor of the empty cottage, and then Trotty Hall (generally known as Guildford) went in her coster cart and fetched Shanny, and Corner, now recovered, followed with her bed, and his children closed the procession with such of her possessions as would not go into the donkey cart. And this exodus took place while Eliza was at Hillboro' doing her shopping.

Shanny's new *ménage* was not on an extensive scale. One of the two rooms was unused. In the other were her bed, her chair, and a wooden box with six penny-worth of coals in it. An old quilt served as a *portière*, and kept the draught from the door; the hob was her plate chest, and the fender her china closet. Dirty Amery sent in her dinner except on Sundays, when the old woman formed one of the family,

## The Flittings of Shanny Amery

Corner fetching her and carrying her back. Emma, Dirty's eldest daughter, "did" for her, and to those who subsequently tested Emma's powers of domestic service, it was a wonder that she did not "do" for her in more senses than one.

During these few weeks Shanny's "shrinking" progressed more rapidly than it had done hitherto; but if she pined for Eliza's care and Eliza's cooking no one knew of it. She rejoiced in the mysterious pleasure of being mistress of her own house.

It was a pleasure destined to be short-lived however. One day, in trying to lift up her teapot with her crippled hands, she so held it that a drop or two of the hot liquid fell on her. Shanny let go the teapot, lost her balance, and followed it into the fender, and but for the entrance of Dirty, with a dumpling for her dinner, there might have been a tragic end to poor old Shanny. As it was, however, her nerves were shaken, and Corner, hearing of the incident, declared the old woman was not fit to live alone, and must come along to "theirs."

Accordingly Shanny made another in the numerous family of Amery children, the most helpless of all except the baby, and less easy to be looked after, for there was always a pair of arms capable of holding the latter and moving it from place to place. Then, too, the baby was no trouble to feed, and if its food did not agree with it, it had its own simple method of demonstrating the fact; but poor Shanny, since her shock, had developed a new weakness. She had a habit of choking.

It first showed itself on the day that Farmer Porkin killed off the old fowls from his poultry yard and sold them at nine-pence each. Some one made a present of one to Corner. Well stewed the tough old birds might have been digestible, but Dirty's cooking was like the rest of her acquirements, of the most rudimentary order, and the fowl emerged from the oven, where it had been sitting in a bath of hot dripping for some hours, to greet the eager children and scarce less eager elders. Emma, and Tommy, and Mary, and Rosie, and Billy, and Jackie, and Corner, and Dirty, and Shanny, all must have their share; so, tough as it was, the old bird was divided into so many portions that one alone had little chance of upsetting the digestion, especially among those who can crack nuts with their teeth, and eat pork

every day without taking a gloomy view of life. But Shanny had no teeth, and she was in haste to consume her share, and suddenly there was an ominous noise, and Shanny's hands were clutching the air.

Corner thumped and banged her, Dirty screamed and cried: "She's a-goin', she's a-goin', her face is getting black." Jackie and Susie availed themselves of this glorious opportunity for getting some of the breast—Tommy and Emma contested the right with them; and Billy licked the empty plate; and at last the refractory morsel of poultry was removed from Shanny's windpipe, and the confusion became comparative order again.

But on more than one occasion, either from nervousness or incapacity to swallow, the choking was repeated, and at last Dirty told Corner that his mother was too much anxiety for her, and she had better go elsewhere.

But where?

The next Sunday Corner went to see a married sister at Ballingham, a village a few miles off. And he returned saying that Martha would take her mother in.

This time Trotty Hall and the donkey-cart and the family muscles were not put in requisition, but a pony and cart were driven over, and Shanny, nothing loth, disappeared to Ballingham. She had always felt she would like to live with Martha. But Martha had grown-up daughters, and they had no desire to have the old creature in their midst. Of these, however, two were now in service, and the other was easily persuaded to do as her mother wished. Not that Martha was anxious to have Shanny, but she did not care to seem unfilial, and she had always had a grudge against Eliza for reasons of her own, and was not averse to showing her that she was not the only person who could make the old lady comfortable.

It was expected that she would end her days there, but Shanny, having tasted change, was restless: having tasted independence, was bold. She was not always easy to manage. Then Martha was a busy, bustling woman, fairly well-to-do, although her cry was always poverty, and she was very particular about cleanliness. Shanny, not over-scrupulous, had found more real comfort by Dirty's fireside, with the children swarming about, every meal a picnic, unpunctuality the rule, and Dirty and Corner always good-natured, gossiping, and easy-going, than in Martha's kitchen,

## The Flittings of Shanny Amery

where every speck of dust was dusted off, where order and regularity were despots, and where draughts from open doors and windows had a happy hunting-ground. Shanny belonged to a generation that had a low opinion of water and fresh air.

Still, she stayed through the winter, and she had little to complain of. She hardly ever choked now, and she had plenty of skim milk, and Martha was always challenging her to compare her cookery with Eliza's, so that Shanny was well fed.

But Shanny liked her sons better than her daughters, and Martha had always called out her pride rather than her love, she was so very independent and superior. When, as he sometimes did—not often, for he, too, was afraid of Martha—Corner came to see her, she would ask him to take her back. She was shrewd enough to perceive that she was not really wanted, Martha made so much talk of her dutifulness. But Corner demurred. Still, Dirty had found her half-a-crown useful; ready money was so much in demand in her household. And since Shanny was stronger things might be better. And the winter was over; the children would be out more. Dirty thought they might do worse than take her back.

But Martha settled it. She was going to do spring cleaning. Spring cleaning in Martha's household meant a serious business. There was no peace for anyone or anything near her. Martha was a person who accumulated "belongings," and these must all be brought out, looked over, dusted, washed, wiped, sorted, arranged and rearranged; everything that would polish must be polished; everything that needed whitewash must be whitewashed—the paint, the paper, the ceilings, the household utensils—nothing could escape her. Meals were now taken standing. Everything useless must be put out of the way. Among them was Shanny. She was driven back to Corner's to stay during the spring cleaning.

There probably she would have remained indefinitely but for what Dirty called the "Sanitary Expector." Dirty thought that Mrs. Gray ("Whitey Gray," as she was named, by reason of her complexion) was responsible for the visit. She and Dirty had had a quarrel about Whitey's boy, to whom Dirty's boy had administered summary punishment for breaking his whip. The mothers had had words, and Whitey had said that Dirty's children were just dragged up, and had no idea of manners.

She had also reflected upon Dirty's household arrangements, and next week the "Sanitary Expector" came, and told Corner there were too many of them living in the cottage, and if they did not alter matters they would be turned out.

What tears and despair, what a flood of language, came from poor Dirty! The whole neighbourhood was called upon to sympathise with her. She drew pictures of her children without a roof over their heads, or else starving because Corner took a larger house. She accused Whitey of the basest villainy (a week later they were bosom friends again), and she considered the "Expector" a most inhuman and heartless person, but then "them people" have no mercy. Dirty had had some experience of the School Board. But, to her credit be it said, in her grief she was not utterly selfish. Her chief thought was for "the poor old lady." If she, so helpless, was turned out, she might die in the street. The only thing she could think of was to send her off at once, for who knew how long the "Expector" would give them? He might be back in a day or two. And, for all it was May, the wind was very cold and sharp.

But how to send her?

Trotty and her donkey were on the road, and might not be back for days. Corner had asked Mr. Porkin to lend them a cart; but he said his were all in use, and if they sent to Ballingham for Martha's, why Corner would lose a whole day's work, and he had lost half already. Still, there was nothing else for it. Some charitable soul gave Corner the price of a half-day's work, and off he tramped to Ballingham.

But Martha, having got rid of Shanny, and shown her excellence, was not anxious to demonstrate it further. Besides, the spring cleaning was not yet concluded. She suggested, however, that Tim might take her in. He had just rented a cottage in Ballingham, and it was only fair he should do something. To him, therefore, Corner went.

Now Tim was the most disreputable of all Shanny's children. He was never long in one place, because he was always in debt, and had to get away as fast as he could. His wife was his equal in the absence of any ideas on the subjects of honour, honesty, and decency. And yet, while the respectable Martha refused to take in Shanny, Tim and Jessie willingly fell in with the idea, and made such preparations

## The Flittings of Shanny Amery

for her comfort as suggested themselves to their minds. Certainly their hospitality would cost them little—the village shop would bear that.

But Tim Amery's credit was not good, and by-and-by it became difficult to obtain food for him and Jessie and their child. Once he was caught in a poultry yard at night, with a chicken's legs protruding from his coat pocket, and, though he protested innocence, he was summoned before the magistrate. In spite of his assertions to that effect, the judge did not look upon him as a blameless character, and, though he was not sent to prison, Jessie had to sell most of their belongings to pay the fine that left him his freedom. After that they all fared worse than ever, and Shanny shrank more rapidly, and began to get deafer and to speak less distinctly, and to take less interest in what was going on around her. Yet she was contented enough; Tim was her favourite son. He would have taken all she had to gain himself an hour's pleasure, but he never spoke crossly to her, and he was sometimes demonstrative. He was handsome, too, in his own way, and over what woman do a man's good looks have more power than over his mother?

But, before Michaelmas, when rents must be paid, Tim thought of moving, and as he and Jessie had no other sort of conveyance than that given them by nature, and Shanny could not walk two yards without support, it was evident she could not accompany them. Tim told her his plans, and asked what she wished done; but Shanny had grown strangely apathetic of late, and had no desires on the subject. She supposed she'd have to go to Martha.

Now Tim and Martha were not on visiting terms, the latter refusing to have anything to do with Jessie; and also Tim had no idea of taking Martha into his confidence. It was no good sending the poor thing back to Corner's, for though the "Expector" had been quiet for some time, so that Dirty's mind had been set at rest again, they had now received notice to leave at Michaelmas. When they were settled they might take Shanny again, but not yet.

Should she be left in the cottage? Perhaps that would be the best way. Some one would be sure to see her and take mercy on her. But to this Shanny would not consent. She suddenly acquired her faculties, as people will when self-preservation is in question; her eyes grew sharp, her voice shrill, she stood on her feet.

"Doant do that," she cried. "They'll send me to t'häuse. Yor fäather left me wi' ten o' yer, and I ha' kept yow all out o't. Doant send me tu die there, Tim."

What then? The removal was to take place at night. Otherwise they might have put her down at Martha's door, and left her there. But that was out of the question.

Presently the old woman woke out of what seemed to be a doze, but was probably a brown study; "I must go back to Liza," she said.

"Yow told me she talk she'd never täak yow," said Jessie.

Shanny shook her head wearily.

"I must go back," she said.

But how? For Tim to get a conveyance was impossible, and he could not waste time going to Eliza's house to see if she could send one. Besides, Tim made a pretty shrewd guess that Harry and his wife would not take Shanny in if they could help it. The only way would be to send a message. He could write a little, and he was a clever villain. He tore a piece of paper off the wall, and wrote: "Muther is sinking. She want tu see yow," and sent it to Eliza by Tommy Tanker next door. "They'll give yow something tu eat when yow get there," he said, thus ensuring the safe delivery of the note.

Two hours later Tommy returned. He found Shanny alone in the kitchen.

"She talk she'll come in t'marnin' earler," he shouted, and went weary and whistling into his own house. He had had his payment because he had asked for it.

Eliza's heart was very tender just then, for the baby she had expected had come and gone again. It had stayed just long enough for the parents to learn all the sweetness and all the bitterness of love and yearning. The chief experience of their married life had been those few months of fatherhood and motherhood. They felt their loss through all the years remaining; but neither of them would have foregone those months, certainly not Eliza. Her reproach was lifted from her. She had a child.

And so, when the message came about Shanny, she handed the paper to her husband. The boy had told her where and whom he came from.

"I'll goa," she said, and her husband, who could deny her nothing just then, said "Goa, mor."<sup>1</sup>

She seemed restless to be off, but he

<sup>1</sup> Mor=girl.

## The Flittings of Shanny Amery



HE TORE A PIECE OF PAPER OFF THE WALL

urged her to wait till the morning. When the boy had left she began to cry.

"I'm thinkin'," she said, in answer to her husband's question, "that maybe she'll see the baber."

Harry was silent. Women must have their fancies. But no doubt Eliza was carrying out the same train of thought when she went on: "I wouldn't like her tu go without a word and a kiss from me."

So, quite early in the morning, Eliza went to the old woman. There she sat, as she had sat all the night long, in her chair by the ashes—alone.

She looked at Eliza for a moment without knowing her. Then a gleam of intelligence came into her face.

"Yow've come," she said.

Eliza bent and kissed her. Shanny's face and hands were cold. She was amazed at the neglected state of the bare room, the fireless grate, the look of desolation.

"Where is Tim?" she asked.

Shanny shook her head. She had a dim notion that his departure was a secret thing.

"Doant go," said Shanny feebly, as Eliza stood upright, and pulled her shawl about her. "Doant go, I ha' been alone so long."

"I'll be back now directly," said Eliza. "I'm going to get yow something to eat."

She looked into the empty rooms, then ran indignant and amazed through the village to Martha's home.

"What does it mean?" she asked, after rapidly describing the state of affairs. "Where is Tim? He sent me a note. Now he is nowhere tu be seen."

"If that woman's out o' thäouse, I doant mind going into it," said Martha, her curiosity mastering her.

"Mäak some tea and bring it," said Eliza, and then she hurried back to Shanny.

The arrival of Eliza, and still more of Martha, at Tim's cottage, attracted the interest of the village idlers. Other women came in, and, before long, officious tongues, telling truth and untruth alike, made the situation clear to Eliza.

"She can't ha' been properly cared for," she cried; "I wonderyow haven't been in to her, and yow her own daughter," she said reproachfully to Martha.

"If it hadn't been for yow a-turnin' of her out," replied Martha, "she wouldn't never ha' cum tu it."

The women began reproaching each other.

"If yow are so maughty set on her I wonder yow doant täak her back," said Martha presently.

"And so I will," said Eliza, putting aside a momentary misgiving as to what Harry would say.

Relieved of the fear of having the helpless old woman on her hands, Martha became gracious again. She offered her

## The Flittings of Shanny Amery

cart for the transit. There was no question about moving her bed and belongings now. She had none. They had all been sold.

So Shanny went back to her old quarters. She was not capable of evincing much interest in anything now, but when Eliza was putting her in bed, she stared at the empty cradle which stood in a corner of the room, and said in a dazed way:

"Where's t'bab'er. I ha'n't seen it?"

When Harry came in Eliza ran down and met him with the news. He was angry at first, more for Eliza's sake than his own. He felt she had been unfairly put upon.

"I knew how that 'd be," he said. "They've got round yow. I gave her fair warning. I tæold her plain: 'We doant want yow tu goa, but if yow goa yow aren't tu come back.'"

His voice was loud. He was standing at the foot of the stairs, and the tones penetrated Shanny's fading consciousness.

Perhaps they suggested the words with which she greeted him, when presently, prevailed on by his wife, Harry went up, and seeing the poor worn-out creature, who had brought up Eliza, spoke gently to her, and told her she was welcome.

She raised a skinny hand, the fingers spread wide as if in blessing.

"I shæant trouble yow long," she said, and there was a little note of triumph in her voice, as if she wished him to understand she was not dependent on them for a home. "I'm goin' tu glory sune. I'm goin' tu glory."

And, before long, Shanny Amery flitted again.

## Restaurants for the Poor

LONDON, lagging a long way behind continental towns and capitals, can at last boast of a model establishment for the provision of cheap food for the poor. We refer to the restaurant conducted by the Alexandra Trust in City Road, and only recently thrown open to the public. It was chiefly owing to the initiative of the Princess of Wales that the spacious building, in which well-cooked meals are served at a cost far below anything previously attempted commercially in London, was built. In general scope and plan, the restaurant is admittedly constructed after the model of the well-known Volksküche in Germany and Austria. Indeed, the chief manageress of the Viennese Volksküche has been induced to come to this country to temporarily supervise arrangements at the London establishment.

The first Volksküche to pay its own upkeep was founded in Leipsic just fifty-one years ago. Other cities followed the admirable lead in the order subjoined: Dresden, 1851; Berlin, 1866; Prague, Brussels, Breslau, in 1868; Graz, Hamburg, 1869; Strasburg, 1870; Vienna, 1873; and so on, London finally bringing up the rear-guard in 1900! The new London Volksküche (or, literally translated, People's Kitchen) has naturally been adapted to English tastes and needs. Abroad, the plan is to serve out edibles in so-called "portions" and "half-portions," costing on an average 3d. and 1½d. respectively. These two items, and cups of coffee at ½d., comprise the usual bill of fare. In London, on the contrary, the choice is extremely varied, the cost of the items varying by halfpence from 4d. to 4½d.—for the latter price a three-course dinner consisting of soup, meat, two vegetables and pudding, is obtainable. On the Continent the "portions" are usually made up of three

ounces of meat and a pint and a-half of vegetables cooked and served in bouillon. In 1890, at the fourteen Volksküchen in Berlin, 111,397 whole "portions" and 1,721,605 "half-portions," at the prices mentioned above, were distributed at the noonday meals. In the evenings during the same year, 468,601 "portions" at five, six, eight and ten pfennigs apiece were served out (eight pfennigs equal one penny). Over three hundred thousand cups of coffee were requisitioned during the same period. Another German company sold 306,500 cups of coffee and 27,300 glasses of milk, each at ½d. for the cup or glass, during the same year. This society, founded by a temperance advocate, has found it absolutely necessary—a characteristic trait—to introduce the selling of beer, of which they sold 110,000 mugs at 1d. and ½d. during the year. Former attempts, having the special object of promoting total abstinence among workmen, have met with no success abroad.

The cooking arrangements at the Alexandra Trust restaurant are, of course, on a giant scale, for it is only by working with huge quantities that the cheap rates can be maintained and made to pay (the governors of the institution confidently expect a profit of three per cent. on the outlay). One of the roasting-ovens can contain half-a-ton of meat at one time, and the six soup-making boilers have an aggregate capacity of five hundred gallons. The steam chests for potatoes can cook a ton and a-half in one hour, and thirty-two hams can be dressed simultaneously. The three dining-rooms in the building provide comfortably and cleanly accommodation for fifteen hundred people. Twelve thousand meals are easily to be provided during the day.—N. A.

## Lyon Playfair

NOT many young Englishmen having opportunities of advancement abroad have been asked by the Prime Minister of their time to remain at home for their country's good, but we have the record of one in Lyon Playfair. At the beginning of his career, he was on the point of accepting a professorship at Toronto, which had been offered to him through Faraday, when he was surprised by receiving an invitation from Sir Robert Peel to visit him at Drayton Manor. There the Prime Minister explained that several men of science had expressed their regret at his leaving; that for himself it was his interest in public rather than personal affairs that induced him to intervene; and that if he would remain in England he would find him employment suitable for his abilities; and he tendered him a memorandum to that effect. Playfair declined the memorandum, but gave up Canada. Men of science were then scarce. Sir Robert Peel did not forget him, and the services that Playfair lived to render at home were many times greater than the sagacious statesman could have foreseen. His countrymen even now do not fully recognise the measure of their indebtedness to him; he attained to high influence, and became a peer, but his contributions to the common weal brought good to multitudes to whom he was unknown.

Nobody who met the small-statured man in later years for the first time "could have dreamed of the work he had done, and the great things he had accomplished in his busy life. Few possibly would have imagined that one who bore his load of learning so lightly and easily was the master of stores of knowledge such as it is given to few amongst us to profess." His "Memoirs and Correspondence" show him to have been a man whose whole faculty was employed in the service of his fellows, most conspicuously in shaping to their use the new knowledge which science was accumulating.<sup>1</sup> The Autobiography is edited and supplemented by Sir Wemyss Reid, whose knowledge of affairs gives

additional interest. The book should be in every public library, and be widely read by young Englishmen. "To Lyon Playfair," says Sir Wemyss Reid, "the good of his country was a thing to be pursued not merely in the Senate, or in contested fields, but in the laboratory and the council room, in social intercourse, and in the humdrum rounds of daily life. It was a thing never to be lost sight of, no matter how incongruous with public work the scene or the circumstances might be. It was something calling not so much for isolated deeds of heroism as for a patient and unremitting care, extending even to the most trivial tasks and incidents." Is not this the type of man that the England of the twentieth century must also cherish?

Lyon Playfair was born in India, and sent home, when little more than an infant, to St. Andrews, where his grandfather was Principal of the University, and one of his uncles became his guardian, placing him in the care of a widowed sister. Six years later his mother brought the younger children also home, and herself undertook the oversight of her family. He was a young man when he first made real acquaintance with his father, on his return from India, where he held high position in the medical service of the East India Company. Lyon was but a lad of fourteen when he was enrolled as a student in the University. One of his early recollections was a lecture on "Water."

"I recollect copying the lecturer's description of water.—Water, said the philosopher, is composed of two abysmal elements, possibly of only one in fundamental differentiation of molecular construction. It is a fluid of exquisite limpidity, capable of solidification on one side, and gasification on the other. In the solid state it belongs to the hexagonal system, and is a double six-sided pyramid with one axis of double refraction. Solid, liquid, gaseous, it is a type of matter."

When his mother returned to India, he was sent to an uncle's office in Glasgow, but was allowed to enter upon a course of study for medicine. Then he entered the Andersonian College, and placed himself under Professor Graham, one of the most original investigators of his time. Amongst his fellow students were Livingstone and James

<sup>1</sup> "Memoirs and Correspondence of Lyon Playfair—Lord Playfair of St. Andrews, G.C.B." By Wemyss Reid (Cassell & Co.).

## Lyon Playfair

Young, the founder of the paraffin-oil industry, who always ascribed his success in the world to a practical suggestion from Playfair. Livingstone occasionally wrote to him from Africa on subjects of scientific interest, but it was not till twenty years later, when they met, that he identified the traveller with the shy companion of student days.

"When his wife returned to Scotland, early in 1859, she came direct, and without notice, to my house in Edinburgh. There happened to be a large dinner party when Mrs. Livingstone, whom I had never seen, was ushered into the dining-room, in naturally a travel-stained dress. The announcement of her name assured her the warmest reception from everyone. Mrs. Livingstone was most anxious to join her children that night, but did not know their address, although she thought they lived in one of the longest streets of the city. I immediately got two or three porters to divide the street between them, and call at every house. In time we discovered the address of the lady to whom the children had come on a visit, and the anxious mother was able to join them."

To his great disappointment, Playfair was obliged to abandon his medical studies, the atmosphere both of the dissecting rooms and the hospital affecting his health. His father advised him to seek a career in India, but the scientific men in Calcutta were not slow to perceive his true calling, and several of them, without saying anything to him, wrote to his father, who was in the Upper Provinces, advising that he should be sent back to Europe to finish his chemical studies. His father at once advised his going back to London, and joining his old teacher Graham, who had become professor at University College. Graham appointed him private assistant in his researches, and the next year sent him to Giessen in Germany, to study under Liebig, who greeted him with words that showed he was already acquainted with his attainments. He gave in his name and introduced himself as a pupil of Graham's, when Liebig laughingly said, "You might have added that you are the discoverer of iodosulphuric acid," which he had recently described. This may be said to be the turning point in his career. Liebig set him quickly to work; sent him to be his representative at the next meeting of the British Association, and not long afterwards engaged him to translate his "Chemistry of Agriculture." When, two years later, Liebig visited England, Playfair was his companion and *cicerone* in a series of visits which he made to the great agriculturists, and his name

thus became closely associated with one of European fame.

While he was still at Giessen, he received an offer from Mr. Thompson, of Clitheroe, to become chemical manager of his calico printing works. He was to meet him in London at twelve o'clock that day week. Those were coaching days, the ice on the Rhine was breaking, and the villages through which the road ran were flooded; but Playfair got to London in time.

"I reached Spring Gardens at a quarter to twelve on the day appointed; walking up and down the street till two minutes to the hour, I presented myself in the room just as the Horse Guards clock struck twelve. Mr. Thompson, a gentlemanly-looking old man, sat with a watch in his hand. He said, 'You are very punctual,' and explained the nature of the work. He then stated that his intention had been to offer me £300 a year, rising to £400, but on account of my punctuality on the day and *hour* named, he would make his offer £400, rising to £600."

His sojourn at Clitheroe gave him a manufacturing experience which was of service all his life; but the demand for these Clitheroe calicoes, which were used by the upper hundreds, was already ceasing, and Playfair found it expedient to withdraw. Meanwhile, he had been appointed Honorary Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution of Manchester, a city foremost in large ideas. It was at this period that he received the invitation from Toronto forwarded by Faraday, and that Sir Robert Peel saw him. For a little time it seemed uncertain from what quarter he must look for an income, but he was not left long in darkness.

Science was about to make new claims upon the nation, not only to unveil the wonders won from experiment, but to descend among the people, and insist upon a *bond fide* obedience to her laws. She was thus to become one of the greatest benefactors of the century, one of the surest and most vigorous of its reformers. When it was resolved to issue a Royal Commission to inquire into the state of large towns and populous districts, Sir Robert Peel wrote to Playfair, and offered him a seat on it. The President was to be the Duke of Buccleuch; Professor Owen, Stephenson, the engineer, and other well-known men were amongst its members; Playfair was still a young man, but his selection was justified by his work. Edwin Chadwick's report as secretary of the Poor Law Commission on "The Sanitary Condition of the People" had prepared the

way by arousing attention. We have come to another as serious crisis, and need as effective action to-day in dealing with the housing of the poor; it may be helpful to note what this earlier movement achieved. Playfair asked to have the large towns of Lancashire as his charge, and had Dr. Angus Smith as an assistant commissioner.

One-tenth of the population of Manchester at that time lived in cellars, and one-seventh of that of Liverpool. Infantile mortality was so excessive that more than half of all the children born in the manufacturing towns perished before they had reached five years of age. The health reforms which were at this time initiated wrought great changes throughout the country. At a later period, when a knowledge of the needs and laws of health was more general, Playfair estimated that the saving of life over the whole country was in a single decade 102,000.

While chemist of the Geological Survey, Playfair carried forward many useful researches, but there was scarcely a month in which the Government did not ask his services. One of the first demands upon him was to report on the condition of Buckingham Palace. It was found to be so bad that no one dare publish the report.

"At that time a great main sewer ran through the court yard, and the whole palace was in untrapped connection with it. To illustrate this, I painted a small room on the basement floor with white lead, and showed that it was blackened next morning. The kitchens were furnished with batteries of



Photo by W. & D. Downey

*Yours sincerely  
Playfair*

charcoal fires without flues, and the fumes went up to the royal nurseries. To prove this, I mixed pounded pastilles with gunpowder, and exploded the mixture in the kitchens. The smell of the pastilles pervaded the whole house, and brought down, as I wished, the High Court officials to see

## Lyon Playfair

what was the matter. The architect was immediately called upon to prepare plans for putting Buckingham Palace into a proper condition."

The Board of Health required him to report on graveyards, and to analyse all the water proposed for the supply of towns. The Admiralty placed a sum of money at his disposal to determine the best coals suited for steam navigation. There was a terrible colliery explosion at Jarrow, and he was sent to investigate the cause. The descent was one of great peril, but it was accomplished in safety. He went down, accompanied by two volunteers; at the top of the shaft when he returned were three miners in working dress, who had prepared to go down and search for their bodies, believing they would not return. A short time afterwards there was a dispute in the Newcastle district, and a strike was imminent, when masters and men united to ask his arbitration; he was in Brittany, but at once came home, and was successful in effecting a settlement. At the time of the Irish Famine he was asked to select two men in whom he had confidence to unite with him in a commission of inquiry; and did all that was possible to make known the magnitude of the calamity, to meet which all remedial measures were insufficient. During the cholera epidemic he went as volunteer to several large towns to organise house-to-house visitations. Thus he passed in quick succession from one service to another, not balancing the choice of what was pleasant or profitable, but accepting each duty as it came to him in devotion to the common good. These applications of science to the needs of daily life were a form of philanthropy unknown to previous generations.

In 1848 Playfair was elected a member of the Royal Society. That was an *annus mirabilis* in the history of Europe. The famous 10th of April is still remembered, when the Duke of Wellington made arrangements to prevent an outbreak in London. We may break our narrative with a detailed incident of history, from Playfair's recollections of that day:

"The late Lord Salisbury was then Aide-de-camp to the Duke, and he told me that when the Chartist began their march he galloped in great anxiety to the Duke at the Horse Guards, and found him reading the morning paper. He lifted his head for a moment, and said, 'How far are they now from the Bridge?' (Westminster Bridge). Lord Salisbury replied, 'One mile and a half, sir.' The great Duke said, 'Tell me when they are within one quarter of a mile,' and he became absorbed in his

paper. The Marquis of Salisbury went back to observe. When the procession reached the appointed distance he galloped back to the Horse Guards, and again found the Iron Duke quietly reading. 'Well?' said the Duke. Lord Salisbury reported that the procession was breaking up, and that only small detached bodies of Chartists were crossing the bridge. 'Exactly what I expected,' said the Duke, and returned to his paper."

Playfair was still on the threshold—only thirty-two—when a greater work opened before him. Surely it was good for England that he had accepted the Prime Minister's hint, and not gone to Canada, but his course was not for one day really dependent on patronage. To how few has it fallen to leave such a record of the years between twenty and thirty! The Great Exhibition of 1851 was now being planned. "I had nothing to do," says Playfair in his *Autobiography*, "with the inception or original preparations for this undertaking. Various persons claim the merit of suggesting that an exhibition which was at first started as one for national industries, should be made international, and embrace the manufactures of all nations. My own belief is that the suggestion originated with the Prince Consort in consultation with Sir Henry Cole." There was a certain greatness of conception and elevation of hope about this first Exhibition which makes it still memorable, though the world has seen other displays more comprehensive and magnificent. The committee organised by the Society of Arts to carry it out soon saw that the enterprise was too great for it. A Royal Commission was instituted to support it, including the most eminent statesmen of both parties. Still the industrial classes hung back. To facilitate working, it was proposed to have a "Special Commissioner," who should be a member of the Executive Committee, and at the same time attend the meetings of the consultative Royal Commission. The choice fell upon Playfair. He was introduced without delay to the Prince Consort, and then began a relationship of the happiest omen. Playfair made the round of the manufacturing districts, saw the leading men, and did much to remove difficulties. One great service he rendered in devising a new system of classification.

"This classification, the first attempted of industrial work, met with great success, and had the good fortune to be highly commended by Whewell and Babbage, both masters in classification. Ultimately, it was thoroughly adopted by the Prince Consort and the Royal Commission. It had still to be approved by the foreign commissions. France

alone made some objections, as the French Commission had drawn out a logical and philosophical classification for itself. In discussing the two classifications with the French Commission, I pointed out that the best must be the one which the manufacturers could most readily understand, and I suggested that we should fix upon any common object, and see who could most quickly find it in an appropriate division. My French colleague had a handsome walking-stick in his hand, and proposed that this should be the test. Turning to my class of 'miscellaneous objects' under the subsection, 'Objects for personal use,' I readily found a walking-stick. The French commissioner searched his logical classification for a long time in vain, but ultimately found the familiar object under a subsection, 'Machines for the propagation of direct motion.' He laughed heartily and agreed to work under the English classification."

When Paxton's proposal of a palace of iron and glass had carried the day, the building rose with wonderful rapidity.

"But even then the croakers would not cease to frighten the public. Alarms which now seem puerile and absurd were seriously entertained, and had to be dissipated. The great influx of people from abroad was to produce frightful epidemics—perhaps black death, certainly cholera; the large immigration of foreigners, on the pretence of seeing the Exhibition, was to be used as a conspiracy to seize London, and sack the great capital. Our industries were to be destroyed by a taste for foreign goods being created, and England's future greatness was to be imperilled to gratify the wish of the foreign Prince who had married the Queen."

At the close of the Exhibition Playfair was made a c.b. He was also invited to become a gentleman usher of the Prince Consort's household. As one of the Exhibition Commissioners he had a large share in their subsequent duties, in the organisation of the College of Science, the promotion of technical education, and other developments. We may not attempt to follow him through all the various occupations of the busy years, full to the last as they were with the same spirit of tactful service. It was while professor of chemistry at Edinburgh that he gave his advice in aid of the education of the Prince of Wales and other of the princes; his chief idea being to acquaint them with the practical application of science to industry, for the better understanding of national needs.

It was during the time that the Prince was living in Edinburgh as Playfair's pupil that the following incident occurred.

"The Prince and Playfair were standing near a cauldron containing lead which was boiling at white heat. 'Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?' said Playfair. 'Certainly,' replied the Prince. Playfair then carefully washed the Prince's hand with ammonia to get rid of any grease that might be on it. 'Will you now place your hand in this boiling metal, and ladle out a portion of it?' he said to his distinguished pupil. 'Do you tell me to do this?' asked the Prince. 'I do,' replied Playfair. The Prince instantly put his hand into the cauldron, and ladled out some of the boiling lead without sustaining any injury.

"It is a well-known scientific fact that the human hand, if perfectly cleansed, may be placed uninjured in lead boiling at white heat, the moisture of the skin protecting it under these conditions from any injury. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature, the effect would of course be very different."

It must suffice us in one sentence to mention his entry into Parliament, first as representing the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews, and afterwards Leeds; his term of office as Chairman and Deputy Speaker, and as Postmaster-General; and his elevation to the peerage as Baron Playfair of St. Andrews. Afterwards he was a lord-in-waiting to the Queen at Windsor. Honours, like duties, crowded upon him through the later years. The services which he rendered during his long life that bore fruit permanently are more than we can enumerate; they were of various kinds, from the first suggestion of open half-penny letters or the postcard, to the "Playfair Scheme," which remodelled the Civil Service. He died within a few days of Mr. Gladstone, having filled out the fourscore years.

To Lady Playfair the Prince of Wales wrote: "I have had the advantage of knowing your distinguished husband even before I was ten years old, and during those many years I was on the terms of the most intimate friendship with him. In him I have lost a Master (as I am proud to say I was his pupil), an adviser, and a friend."

"He was one of the wisest, fairest, and most loyal men," said Lord Rosebery, "that I have ever known in public life, and his devotion to work and to duty has never, I think, been surpassed."

"He was my master in everything, and I owe all to him," said Professor Dewar. But the most indebted is the British nation.

W. S.

## Camp Life in British New Guinea

BY C. ROSS-JOHNSON (LATE ACTING PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNOR)

**T**HREE was frantic bustle and confusion on board the British New Guinea Government steam yacht *Merrie England*, lying off Port Moresby, the capital of that little known colony. His Excellency had come aboard, and the yacht—with its white hull and yellow funnel and graceful, slender lines—was flying the “Jack” at the fore.

His boat, a 24ft. whaler, was now being hoisted up on the davits by its crew—seven men of the Native Armed Constabulary. Alongside lay the little steam launch of the yacht with another boat in tow, engaged in watering the ship, and the canvas bags were even now being carried forward to the tanks. Two more big whalers had just come alongside with twenty men of the constabulary, and loaded to the gunwale with stores and “trade” for the trip. Amid a babel of tongues they were hoisted over the side—56lb. bags or “mats” of rice, cases of tinned meat, and boxes of trade goods containing gaudy calicoes, beads, fishing lines, knives and tomahawks, such as the artless savage delights in. These were under my especial care, and I was having them safely stored in the trade room next my cabin. A few canoes were hovering alongside, and the purser was negotiating for some fresh fish and yams. The Commandant of the Armed Constabulary, Captain Darrel, ex-sub-lieutenant of H.M.S. *Bulldog*, busied his little person about the kit of his men, and carefully scrutinised their “swags,” as we called the painted canvas bags that took the place of knapsacks. In the state-room sat the Governor, writing his last instructions to the officials on shore. By his side lay a much annotated “Homer,” and in his heart reigned a deep and welcome calm, for had he not just vanquished Captain Griffiths, our skipper, on a question of nautical astronomy? We were going eastward to Cloudy Bay to investigate some inter-tribal fights, and expected to be away a month. As fresh meat is very scarce, and even vegetables, yams, taro, etc., are not always obtainable in any quantity, everything had to be carried with us, and our diet consisted

almost exclusively of tinned meat and rice. At ten that morning we steamed slowly out of the harbour through Basilisk Passage.

The next morning we anchored off the village of Raledi in Cloudy Bay. Here we landed—the Governor, Darrel, myself, and Kaufmann, a German, our Government naturalist, together with twenty-five men of the constabulary, and all the stores we would require. The steam launch and two whalers were left with us, and then the *Merrie England* proceeded south to Cooktown to get mails and stores. A suitable spot just outside the village was selected, and here our tents were pitched, hammocks slung, and all made snug for a couple of days. The natives, who had not been visited by a Government party for some months, soon came round and brought us some yams and cocoanuts, while the elders were being interrogated on their feudal troubles. A ring of natives sat or stood round the Governor and the interpreter, one of our police. “This fellow,” said Kapi, the interpreter, “this fellow say he no want fight. Plenty bushmen (generic term for inland tribes) come fight along him first time.”

“An unprovoked assault,” said the Governor. “Ask him, Kapi, where that fellow bushman stop (live).”

More jabber between the men, then:

“Stop close up along mountain,” said Kapi. “Suppose you me go quick, you me catch (reach) him three days.”

“That means four or five days for us,” muttered Darrel. “Oh, we will have a lovely little picnic. What’s the matter, Cow?” he added.

“Cow” was our little pet name for Herr Kaufmann, given him, much to his disgust, partly owing to his stolid, phlegmatic habits, and partly as an abbreviation of his own.

“Look,” said Cow, breathing heavily, and pointing outside the ring of natives. A young “buck” was swaggering up and down. Long grass streamers were fixed in his hair, and on his arms and knees, and as he walked he gesticulated, smacking his thighs.

“Dat chap,” said Cow. “What jeek!

## Camp Life in British New Guinea

He laughs at us, I am sure. You English pet your natives. In German New Guinea we"—and he tapped his revolver significantly.

"Yes, and the result?" I broke in. "What good is German New Guinea to you? I was up there last year in the *Merrie England*, when we were returning the remains of the ill-fated Ehlers expedition. You have made a settlement, built houses, and gone in for cultivating tobacco just round the settlement. You have a steam sawmill, and to the casual observer you seem a long way ahead of us. But it's all surface. Your labourers are imported from the Solomons and China. Your police are Solomon Islanders; you daren't trust the natives. They are treated worse than dogs, and are shot or enslaved at every opportunity. No attempt has been made to civilise or to get on good terms with them, consequently the country is just as wild as it was ten years ago, and you have had it longer than we have had our part, and have spent twice the money on it. No trader dare settle down there."

"Yes," chimed in Darrel, "and the natives hate the Germans so, that they won't even learn German, so your fellows actually have to speak to them in pigeon-English. Think of that—in a German colony!"

Kaufmann laughed good-humouredly. "Ach, you heaven-born English do all things right," and he proceeded patiently to stalk a gorgeous butterfly.

The Governor had decided to leave Darrel and Kaufmann at Raledi with five of the police, while he and I with the remainder, some twenty, started for the interior. The next day was devoted to hearing the village squabbles and selecting carriers for our little expedition. The tins of meat, trade goods, etc., were unpacked and made into 45lb. "swags," for Australian slang has taken hold of New Guinea.

At half-past five, while the white mists were gliding through the scrub, and the man lying uncovered in his hammock began drowsily to fumble for his rug, the camp began to stir. The crackling of twigs was the first sound as the native boys, dignified by the name of cooks, prepared their masters' breakfast. Soon after Tom Mawatta, best of corporals, roused his men and had their flies taken down. At seven breakfast was finished, and the police, with the thirty carriers, filed out of camp. Kaufmann, with

a spirit bottle in one hand, was busily trying to poke a lizard out of some rocks. "A lizard with ein wunderbar striped tail," he explained to me between gasps. The two cooks were frantically drying our greasy plates with cocoanut husks, and, being averse to waste, pouring the miscellaneous leavings of curry, tea, and tinned fish down their throats. At intervals they tried to steal each other's spoons and forks, for a good cook should always have his master's welfare at heart. At the end of a trip a really superior "boy" will proudly present you with half a dozen spoons that he has annexed, while his less fortunate companions have abuse heaped on their devoted heads by their irate and cutlery-less masters.

The way was fairly level the first day. The path was simply a native hunting track, sometimes scarcely to be distinguished from the scrub. On either side stretched the "bush," in places so dense that no deviation from our path would be possible without hacking a way with our eighteen-inch scrub knives. A halt was called at noon while the fires were lit, and the "billies" boiled. Early in the afternoon we had to ford a good-sized river. It was running pretty strongly up to the waist. Carrying their swags and rifles on their heads, the police and carriers slowly crossed. The Governor and I, merely slinging our belts containing our watches and revolvers round our necks, went in "all standing." This sort of travelling at first is unpleasant to the new chum, but you soon get used to it, and the change to dry pyjamas is all the more welcome when camp is pitched. Passing through some very flat, marshy country, we found one of the creeks had overflowed, and for nearly a mile we waded knee-deep through thick mud and water. Towards three o'clock, I sent Tom ahead with instructions to pick a suitable spot for a camp. Of course a *sine qua non* is proximity to water. This he did, and about half-past four, I, bringing up the rear so that the carriers should not lag too far behind, came upon them forming the camp some fifty yards from a stream.

As camp life in New Guinea may be new to some of my readers, I will briefly describe the operation. A fairly open spot in the bush is desirable, as there is less to cut away. Two trees about a dozen yards apart are selected, and on these, about seven feet or eight feet from the ground, is fastened the ridge-pole—fastened with bark or supple twigs, for the Papuan is never at a loss for rope. Across this is thrown your "fly," a

## Camp Life in British New Guinea

piece of canvas about eight feet by ten. Slender poles are fixed A shape to each end of the ridge-pole, and the corners of the fly are then lashed to these. The hammock of canvas is then slung between the trees, a mosquito net—without which life would be impossible—is hung up, and you are snug for the night. Inside are stowed the swags, and as the fly does not reach to within two feet or three feet of the ground, and the ends are quite open, care must be exercised to protect them from the rain. Tom had taken the cooks ahead with him, so that when Sir Charles and I got into camp they had some tea ready for us—without milk, of course. I always took care that the "boys" carrying our flies and clothes should be well ahead. Shortly after reaching camp my hammock was slung, and Goloio, my "boy," was proudly and ostentatiously displaying the contents of my swag to the wondering gaze of the carriers, who seemed much impressed at the variety and size of my wardrobe, which, truth to tell, consisted only of three flannel shirts and khaki trousers with a couple of pairs of pyjamas. "You put him on sleep clothes now?" said Goloio as I came up.

Ten minutes after I had taken off my sodden things, caked with mud, and got into my pyjamas. But there was still work to be done. Rations had to be served out to the police and carriers, and there was our own supper to be seen to. This was simple, meals being a monotonous round of stew and curry. About six o'clock Sir Charles and I, seated on a fallen tree, partook of our "dinner" of tea, curry and rice, sweet potatoes, biscuit and cheese. The police had pitched their three flies but a few yards from ours. Boughs and grass were strewn on the ground, and the men, wrapped in their blankets, wanted no more luxurious couch. I had had a track cut round the camp, and as soon as it was dusk, sentries were posted. A couple of fires were lit, around which the police and carriers congregated. They played on the Jew's harp, and chattered or crooned their monotonous chants. Supper over, I lay smoking my pipe in my hammock with the lantern stuck on a stake at my head, and tried to brush up my German with the aid of a school-book of short stories. Presently I heard Sir Charles calling me.

"Where have those men put my books?" he asked as I entered. The books were unearthed and he began to turn them over, for even in the wildest places he carried his literature with him.

I settled down to an article in the "Nineteenth Century," which tried to prove that our navy was not fit to go outside of Spithead, and could easily be defeated by Portugal, unless certain steps suggested by the writer were taken.

It had clouded over during supper, and now it commenced to rain—torrents and bucketsful of it. Expecting this, the "boys" had made their shelters for the night rather stronger than usual. These "lean-to's" are very rough and ready. A couple of poles are put in the ground, and some five feet above the surface a horizontal piece is made fast. On this are placed poles seven or eight feet long, with their other ends sloping to the ground. They are then covered with boughs, broad fan-shaped leaves, etc., till the whole is moderately watertight—for a native. Outside the rain poured steadily down, while the fires hissed and spluttered. The songs died away, and the regular swish of the rain, on the now tightly stretched flies, toned the spasmodic chants down to a hoarse hum (euphonious expression!). I scowled through the open end of the Governor's "fly" into the blackness beyond. "Have you," said Sir Charles suddenly, "ever read 'Le Cid'?"

"No, sir, you said you would lend it—"

"I will read you some now," he replied promptly.

For the next hour he read Corneille's play aloud in the original, while I sat on a bag of tinned meats and listened. About nine o'clock there was a sudden interruption in the shape of Goloio.

This invaluable boy, apotheosis of cooks, undaunted by rain, had made a fire under a lean-to, and now appeared with two steaming cups of cocoa. Perhaps he also felt inclined for some about that time, so gratified his wish and raised his reputation at the same time. Having disposed of my cocoa, I wrapped my "martial cloak around me," and hastened to my tent. A gust of wind put my lantern out, and as I entered I trod on something soft that gave forth a sound suggestive of human suffering. I lit my lantern and inspected things. Coiled up on two biscuit tins and a bag of yams was Goloio. My "suzerain rights" evidently entitled him to a share in my "fly"—during wet weather. One of the carriers with whom he had chummed up occupied an unobtrusive position under my hammock. He grinned deprecatingly as I glanced at him, then immediately feigned sleep—or death, he lay so still.

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"Tourago along-a-me (mate of mine)," explained Goloio, as if he were introducing us, and all was harmony. I was proceeding to get under the mosquito nets, when suddenly another dark glistening figure crawled under the "fly," and looked round with mute apology. But this self-invitation outraged Goloio's feelings.

"Here," he snapped. "You —— bushman, what for you come along house belong my master? Clear out!"

The intruder, on hands and knees, gazed round dismally. The words were unintelligible, but the tone was clear.

"Let him stay, Goloio, if he can find room," and I nodded at the damp, melancholy object.

Before I dropped off to sleep I heard five or six more subdued shufflings underneath, with muttered protest from Golo'o, and it struck me forcibly that the temperature was rising. But I held my peace for the sake of suffering humanity.

There was no rain next day, but the rivers were much swollen. About noon we struck a fairly broad one which would require rafting. A halt was called, and while the cooks prepared dinner everyone was busily engaged in making a small raft. There was only too much wood about, and in an hour a light raft had been built of logs firmly lashed together with lawyer vine. Half-a-dozen of these huger rattans were then twisted into a cable, and after one or two unsuccessful attempts a "boy" succeeded in swimming to the opposite side with one end. The raft was now loaded up with "swags," and a couple of police, getting on board, pulled her along the cable to the other bank. In four or five trips all our baggage had been conveyed across. The carriers, who were like ducks in the water, jumped in the river, and with much splashing and laughter swung themselves along the rattan cable. During our enforced halt I had sent out one of the police with my shot gun, and he had brought in a couple of the beautiful Gowra pigeons, with two or three cockatoos. These latter I gave him, and the pigeons made a rare treat for our supper that evening.

It had been a cloudy day, and when we camped for the night the place was alive with mosquitos. So bad were they that it was impossible for the men to clear a spot for the camp and pitch our "flies" until fires had been lit, in the smoke of which they could work. Supper was

taken in a cloud of smoke, with an occasional gasp for breath in fresh air. As soon as it was over, Sir Charles and I made a bolt for our respective mosquito nets. I warily crept inside and carefully tucked it in all round. Then smoking vigorously and reading, I felt quite snug again, though all round I could hear "smack, smack," and groans of impotent rage from the carriers. No doubt their bare legs were like manna in the wilderness to many a poor orphan "skeeter" that night.

The next day, as we were approaching what might be hostile country, our line of march was closer and more compact. The country was hilly, and the streams smaller and more rapid.

We had hitherto passed no villages, but our guides told us we would see their enemies that afternoon. Suddenly, about three o'clock, we heard shouting ahead, and descried two men dodging among the trees, and, waving to us to stop. This we did, otherwise they would have bolted, and we would have found the village deserted. The men had on feather head-dresses, and their faces were daubed with black, yellow, and red stripes. They carried clubs and spears, and from the way they turned occasionally I guessed that others were near. Some of our carriers were shouting across to them, and for a few minutes we all stood still, while the interpreters explained we would not hurt them. Then the Governor ostentatiously put his rifle down, and waving a brightly coloured calico and a string of beads slowly went towards them, accompanied by Kapi. They also advanced a few yards, and finally, halting now and again, the two parties came together and started an animated jabber, while Sir Charles stood patiently by. After a few minutes the strangers began to call out, and presently half-a-dozen more men, answering their shouts, came out of the dense scrub on either side. They appeared to have regained confidence and soon came right among us, though somewhat timidly and keeping together. We gave them some sticks of tobacco and a mirror or two, which much delighted them. The carriers then picked up their "swags," and we started our march again. Sir Charles was pleased to have made friends so soon, as hostilities would no doubt be now avoided. While some of the newcomers disappeared ahead to warn their friends, the first two remained and conversed volubly with Kapi, who belonged to a neutral tribe.

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About half-past four we came upon their village in a grove of cocoanut palms. The houses were built of plaited palm fronds put on very light frames, and raised four or five feet off the ground. The ubiquitous dog played with the inevitable pig underneath, but the women and children had retired to the scrub beyond. Some thirty or forty men, all armed, met us at the entrance, and there were evidently more near by. Among these trifling presents in the shape of sticks of tobacco, salt, matches, etc., were distributed, and to two old chiefs who were pressed forward, a shirt apiece was given. We then asked for yams and water, and offered a tomahawk for a pig. The police and carriers began to form a camp some fifty yards away from the village. Convinced now that our intentions were pacificatory, women and children came stealing in from all sides, and very soon there was a crowd of nearly four hundred round us in the middle of the village. I went off to see to the camp, and that a watch was kept on the "swags."

Meanwhile Sir Charles, with whom was Kapi and five or six of the police, was examining the chiefs. We had brought two of the principal men of Raledi along with us, and they "appeared" for their side. Sir Charles looked around on the ring of upturned faces.

"Why had they fought? Well, had not their fathers fought and their fathers before them? Moreover, the Raledi people had hunted on their ground one day, so they had lain in wait and killed one of the Raledi men. But he was an old man, they argued, and would have died soon in any case."

The Raledi representatives indignantly denied that they had hunted on any land but their own. Besides, the hill tribe had stolen a lot of yam and taro from their gardens one night. The hill men fiercely asserted that this had been done in revenge for the Raledi men cutting down some of their sago palms.

There was a lot more talk, and finally the Governor spoke and Kapi interpreted

his judgment with an air of huge importance.

The hill men had been the aggressors, therefore they must pay the Raledi tribe four pigs, besides various baskets of taro, as compensation.

Also, they must not fight again, or he would come up and fight them with that—and he shook his rifle, whereat the hill men looked much impressed, for once before had a Government party visited them and shown them the power of their rifles by shooting at marks.

They came round to the camp, and moved round gaping at everything. The women brought bags of yams, sweet potatoes, and taro, and a pig was also dragged up violently expostulating, which we cut short by killing and hanging up ready for the morrow. We gave them some rice, and a good many of them sat talking and eating with our Raledi carriers. Evidently the hatchet was buried. We congratulated ourselves on so easily having got on good terms with them, as a fight would still further have estranged them, and left the district more disturbed.

We spent the next day with them, and ate our pig. The following day we started on our homeward journey, using thirty of the hill men as carriers, while our Raledi carriers brought down the pigs and vegetables decreed by Sir Charles as compensation. Nothing of any event happened to us on the way back. We passed our old camps just as we had left them, and our raft was still made fast to the bank.

We arrived at Raledi on the third day, and were warmly welcomed by the whole people. The peace was promptly celebrated by a huge feast, which everyone enjoyed so thoroughly that the whole village was dormant for two days after. We paid off our carriers, and the hill men went back to their village with mutual assurances of good will and esteem.

Thus was the peace made between the tribes of Raledi and the mountains. So has it constantly been done in similar cases—without bloodshed or bitter feeling.



## A Run through St. Helena<sup>1</sup>

OUR first view of St. Helena gave the singular impression of a huge enshrouded mummy lying stretched upon its back, the King and Queen Peaks on the left giving the idea of feet, the Turk's Head in the centre looking like hands folded in front, and the great Barn Rock representing a monster head. The thin veil of mist brooding over the island obscured for the time details in the landscape so as to heighten the somewhat weird appearance. As we drew nearer, the rain ceased, and clear and imposing before us stood St. Helena as a solid fortress of rock. We sailed for some time close under the great sea walls, and were charmed with the prismatic colouring cast by the rising sun on the damp, bare battlements of rock. As we kept on, Flagstaff Hill, rising to a height of 2,000 feet, and the Sugar Loaf—a striking conical-shaped hill of nearly that altitude—came in view. At the foot of the latter are two batteries, one at a hundred and another at two hundred feet above the sea-level, and both adding to the picturesqueness of the place. In Flagstaff Bay, between the Barn and Sugar Loaf, flew hundreds of sea-birds, some white, others dark brown, fishing vigorously, and presenting in *tableau vivant* a proverb of their own—"It's the early bird that catches the fish." About seven o'clock we rounded the Sugar Loaf, and slowly crept southwest down the coast towards the anchorage, which extends only about a mile from the shore. Every instant as we forged ahead new points of interest met us: precipitous gorges, with sides of barren rock running back until they revealed some distant island oasis of spring-green grass overlooked by a white-faced house; great masses of scoriated rock of many shapes, every peak of which, facing the sea, seemed to bear a battery or hold on its shoulders a cannon. Before we had reached Rupert Bay, James's Town stood revealed in so far as projecting Munden Point will allow. And very well it looked with its old-fashioned quay, its pretty church spire and white houses wedged in between hills of no mean elevation, starting up precipitously on either side.

After landing, one of our first expeditions was to Ladder Hill—the western promontory of James's Bay, which rises almost perpendicularly to an altitude of 800 feet above the sea. Straight up the face of the mountain, starting from near St. James's Church and the Entrance Gates, climbs the far-famed Ladder which gives the hill its name. I suppose there is no other such Ladder in the world, which I understand is 993 feet in length, 602 feet high, has a slope of thirty-two degrees, having 699 wooden steps and one *stone* one! each step rising eleven inches. The carriage drive which we were now ascending at a very vigorous speed is a steep zigzag road nine feet in breadth, and hedged in by a rubble wall about a foot thick and three feet high. With the slight drawback of one or two short, light showers, this drive was most exhilarating. Every moment our view of town and bay became more perfect, and the atmosphere continually lighter and more bracing. Then the ascent was replete with incidents novel to us. Every hundred yards, at least, we encountered barefooted natives with donkeys—one, two, three, sometimes six or eight—variously laden, but chiefly with gorse from the highlands for firewood. Owing to the narrowness of the way and the waywardness of the donkeys, some coaxing and applications of "waddy" on the one side and engineering on the other were required at times before we could pass.

Here and everywhere we were struck with the walking capacities of the St. Helenists—very young, middle-aged, and very old and withered people tramping up hill and down dale with lithe and elastic step.

On the summit of Ladder Hill are the fort and extensive barracks, built of stone, where once stood the public gibbet, on which history telleth "criminals were hung in chains in full view of the town and harbour." On the ridges above, to the left, is the Observatory established by the East India Company over fifty years ago, and long fallen into disuse. I should have chronicled earlier that our *cortège* had six followers on foot, each carriage and horse-

<sup>1</sup> This sketch was written some years since, but we give it as picturing features of permanent interest.

## A Run through St. Helena

man having a *gamin* who had attached himself as page-in-waiting for the day. This institution of boy-hanger-on would doubtless prove a superlative nuisance when the novelty of the thing had worn off; but there is no doubt at all that they provided us with a good deal of recurrent amusement, and gave a pleasing feeling of being in "furrin' parts" to the day's excursion, which was worth the "tips" disbursed in the evening. Up and down hill, whether we travelled fast or slow, over pebbles, couch-grass, broken metal or rock, like shadows they pursued us, and whenever their eyes caught ours they grinned from ear to ear. Gates met with *en route* they opened, running on before; they put on and took off when required the peculiar "shoe" breaks of our phaetons; held the saddle-horses when wanted, and when we told them gathered ferns and wildflowers.

Our first glimpse of Longwood was across a deep and wide gorge of barren rock. The interest in Longwood is almost entirely dependent upon its connection with the great exile, for not even a very imaginative local guide-book could call the site highly picturesque, for it is flat, with the dusky "Haystack peak" for a distant background. About three-quarters of a mile from Longwood, and beside Halley's Mount, where the celebrated astronomer had his Observatory during the years he was on the island, studying and classifying the stars of the Southern Hemisphere, is the hamlet of Huts' Gate. The drive from James's Town to Longwood, with stoppages, took us two hours and forty minutes.

All of us were gratified when we found the Longwood hostelry to be a neat cottage, in the middle of a garden, in which were growing bananas, etc., and offering for our accommodation large and comfortably furnished parlour and dining-room. It was amusing to see how we revelled in a walk on the grass-plot and in the garden, glorying in being once more on *terra firma*. All were in the best of tempers, and not unlike schoolboys out for a holiday. When the first effervescence of spirits had passed off we betook ourselves to the parlour and the latest English papers. Then came the summons, which required no repetition, and in a twinkling one of the merriest and best-natured parties I ever saw closed around the dining-room table. We were waited upon by a comely, neatly attired, black-eyed native damsel, and the lunch which she spread for us was voted without a

dissident voice a masterpiece of country victualling. The table laughed with an abundant supply of ham and eggs, snow-white bread and freshest butter, jugs of milk, plates of bananas and figs. To appreciate the situation, it must be remembered that we had been three months at sea without tasting fresh butter, eggs, or fresh fruit. Refreshed and in amiable mood, we started in a body to see the sights.

A pleasant walk of a few hundred yards up a well-grassed incline, dotted over with yellow everlasting, brought us to the home of Napoleon's ruined hopes, the nest of this rockbound cage. Of this famous domicile there is not much to be said. It is not as it was when Bonaparte lived in it. The walls are the same and the rooms look somewhat as they did to him, but the whole interior of the house is of modern workmanship, though after the fashion of the original. In a sense therefore the visitor to Longwood sees the rooms in which the famous Frenchman lived, and in a sense he sees but a copy of them. Notwithstanding that such are the facts, I felt a real interest in the place, scanning the various chambers with sympathy, and henceforth Napoleon's banishment and the enforced season of calm which succeeded his turbid European life will be realised and understood by me as never before. The house is an old-fashioned rambling cottage, with a flight of four or five steps leading up to the front door.

According to a local historian this building was originally a farmhouse, and was at the time Napoleon arrived on the island occupied as a country residence by the Lieutenant-Governor. Being selected for the Emperor, the present front room with the verandah attached was added to the building by Sir G. Cockburn, and formed the billiard-room and *salon de réception*.

As we entered, a young lady, daughter of the French officer in charge of the property—M. F. D. C. Morilleau—received us and showed us through the rooms. It may be well to state here, what is not I think generally known, that the old house at Longwood with three acres of land about it, and also twenty-three acres in Napoleon's Vale where the famous exile was buried, was purchased by the English Government from the private owners in 1858 at a cost of £5,100, and conveyed to the Emperor of the French and his heirs in perpetuity. Both Longwood and the tomb are looked after by the officer before referred to, who is

## A Run through St. Helena

a civil servant of the French Government. The house was quite destitute of furniture with the exception of small pier-glasses in a couple of the rooms. Mural notices in French and English in the various apartments reveal the purposes to which they were put during the residency of Napoleon. There were reception, drawing and dining rooms, writing office, bedroom, bath and dressing rooms, and a billiard-room which could not contain a full-sized table. None of the apartments are lofty, and the house could never have been remarkably cheerful.

The most interesting portion of the house to the visitor is the *salon* of the Emperor, as the wall notices name it, because, as one has humorously said, there is *something in it*. This room, which measures 21 feet  $\times$  15 feet, was used by Napoleon towards the close of his life as a bedroom, and we are informed that "here on the 5th of May, 1821, the Emperor breathed his last." On that day it is related "the island was swept by a most tremendous storm, which tore up many trees by the roots." The spot where he died is marked off by a plain wooden railing which encloses a space, 7 feet  $\times$  5 feet, in the centre of which is a marble, laurel-crowned bust of the great General from a cast taken after death. Suspended below the bust and in front of the pedestal (alas! that these words will recall Mark Twain's excruciating joke) hangs a wreath of immortelles, from which one of our party with the true relic-hunter's instinct annexes unobserved a white leaf. In the billiard-room is the Visitors' Book, in which, following the multitude of cosmopolitan pilgrims, we inscribed our names and addresses. Looking back to earlier pages of the book, I was interested in reading numerous warm expressions of love for the great warrior which French soldiers visiting Longwood from time to time had appended to their signatures. In this room also various knick-knacks made on the island, photos of the house and other curios, are exposed for sale, and of course we each of us took away something as a souvenir. Upstairs in a wing of the house is a row of attics which had probably been used by the servants. I expended much energy in climbing up the narrow staircase and was not rewarded for the effort.

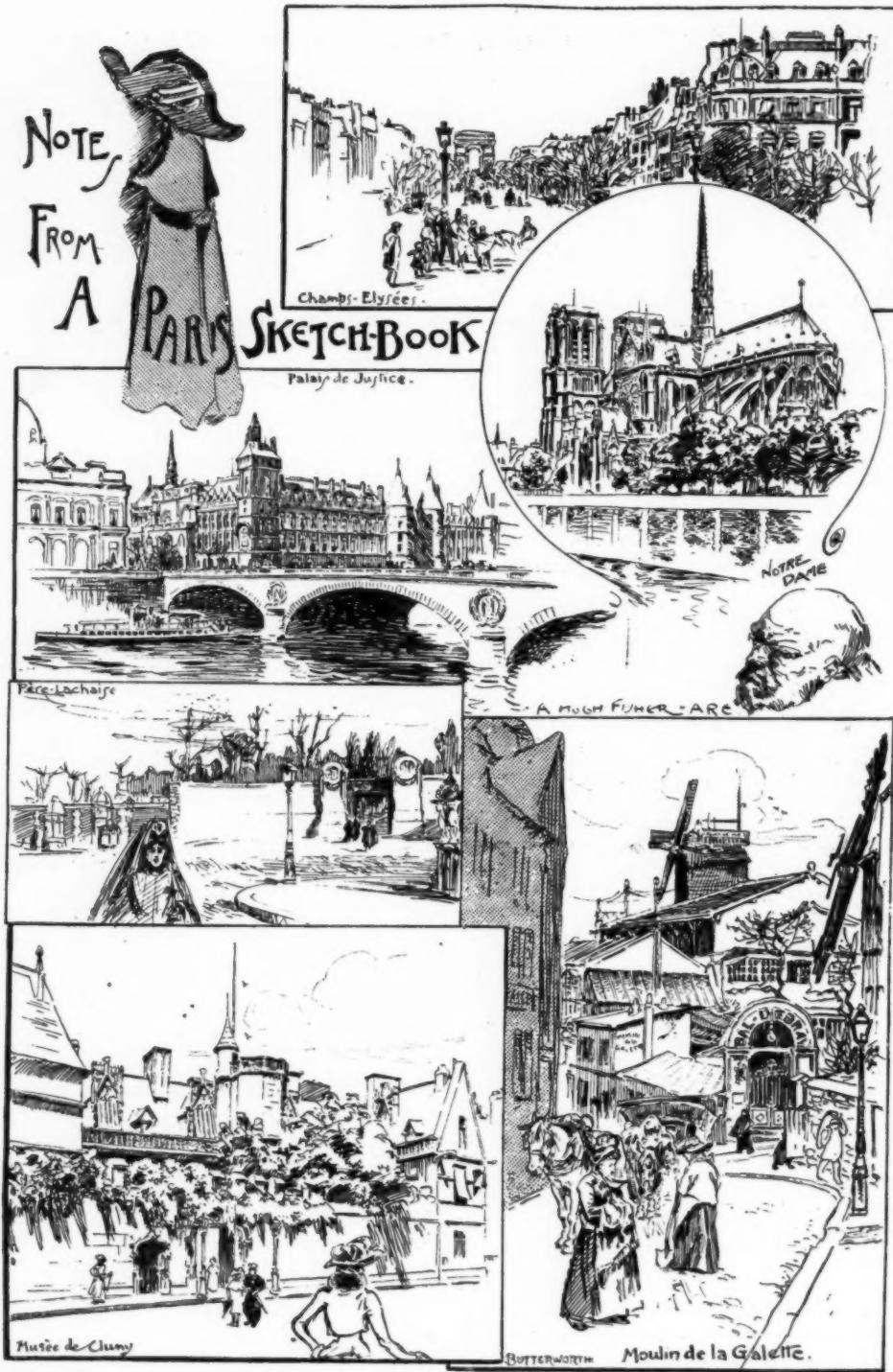
About a hundred yards from the old

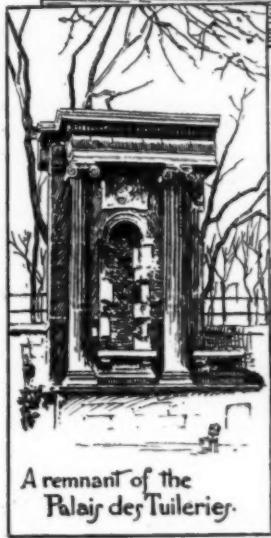
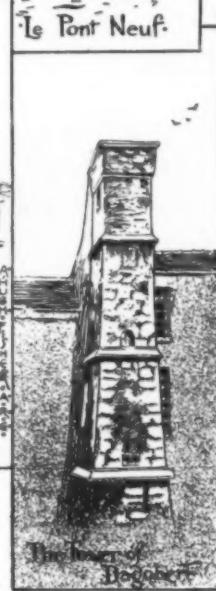
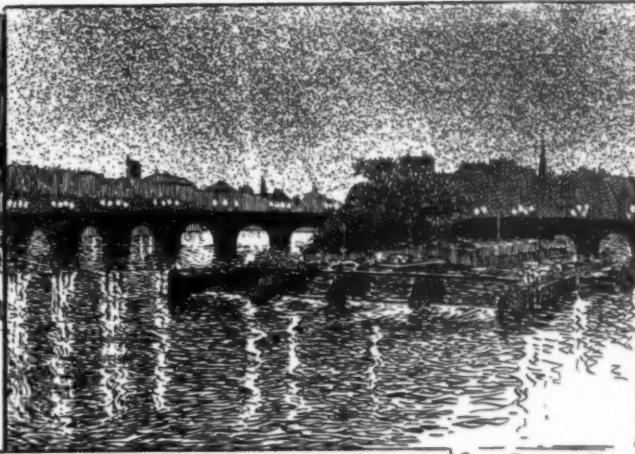
house, at the foot of the lawn, is the one-storeyed mansion built for Napoleon by the British Government, which, although, as we were informed, he used daily to visit it while it was a-building, he never occupied—dying before it was quite finished. It is substantially constructed of stone, and has fifty-six rooms of various sizes. New Longwood has an elevation of 1,760 feet above the sea. Being shown into the drawing-room—a spacious and suitably furnished apartment in the right wing—we spent a short time conversing and examining works of art, etc. We were here shown a small carte-de-visite photograph of the late Prince Imperial, bearing the autograph of the ex-Empress Eugénie, presented to M. Morilleau by the Empress on July 12, 1880, when she visited St. Helena on her mournful return from Zululand, the scene of her son's violent death by the assegai of a savage.

Before leaving we gathered in the Longwood grounds a few flowers and leaves to keep as tokens. After hurriedly swallowing a cup of coffee, provided without extra charge by the polite young hostess of the restaurant, we jumped into our phaeton and rattled after our friends, who had gone on some time before. Our way now lay down a steep zigzag road to the green and secluded retreat, about a mile off, where Napoleon most loved to wander, and where, on his decease in the fifty-second year of his age and the sixth of his exile, his remains were laid to rest. Here they lay for nineteen years attracting troops of visitors to the island and the tomb, until in 1840 the body was removed to Paris, and re-entombed under the dome of the Invalides. It is a romantic spot—a mountain-sheltered nook clothed with greenery and pines, and looking down into a barren ravine significantly known as "The Devil's Punchbowl." The tomb, so long unoccupied, was still kept, when I saw it, much as it was forty-five years ago, though there is now neither tombstone nor tablet, the ground about it being enclosed by a circular wooden railing, and the spot itself, which is covered with slabs, by an iron palisading some ten feet square. Fringing the latter on the inside was a thick row of geraniums. On a ledge above the tomb is the little stone-lipped well, from whose cool clear waters the Emperor delighted to drink.

JOHN WALKER.

NOTE  
FROM  
A  
PARIS SKETCH-BOOK





BUTTERWORTH

## Gleanings from some Eighteenth-Century Newspapers



O those who are interested in the past there is hardly anything more entertaining than reading through a file of old newspapers. The morning paper of the present day contains a much larger and more varied collection of matter, but it is rivalled in interest by the newspaper of a century or a century and a half old, which presents us with pictures of our ancestors "in their habit as they lived," more striking and trustworthy than can be found in novels or essays, and mirrors for us in a pleasant, lively way "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure." Some still affect to look back upon the "good old times" with regret—"all times when old are good"—but if we may estimate our moral and social progress by a comparison of the daily life of the past disclosed in the newspapers of the eighteenth century with that of the present day, few will be found to deny the marked advancement that has been made in civilisation and refinement.

Some copies of the "Ipswich Gazette," extending from 1734 to 1736, afford interesting illustrations of the lives and manners of our forefathers in the days of George II.

The paper contained four pages, measuring about 10 inches by 8, and was published weekly, price 2d., by John Bagnall. The Gazette was chiefly filled with foreign intelligence. Its local news was very meagre, often not more than a few paragraphs each week. The publisher never had to apologise for "the pressure on our space by advertisements," as they only averaged six or seven per week, and were principally of the quack medicines of the period. One of these vaunts the transcendent virtues of

"Tabulæ Cardialgiaæ, or Lozenges for the Heart Burn, which in 2 or 3 minutes effectually cure that

Distemper even in the most violent Degree. They are a pleasant medicine, and Excell every Thing that has yet Appeared in the World."

In the latter part of 1734 the Princess of Orange journeyed from England to Holland to reach the latter country in time for her accouchement. Stress of weather compelled the Princess to remain some time at Harwich, and the politeness of the authorities of that port deserves mention. We read that

"Her Royal Highness diverting herself in a morning with walking into the neighbouring Fields all the Stiles are taken away, and the Path Levell'd in the best manner for her Accommodation."

It is known how fond George II was of Hanover, and how little he cared for England. He must have left the country in hot haste in 1735, for the News-letters of May 27 state that

"His Majesty pursued his journey to Hanover with such expedition that several Coach Horses were killed, as were some of those belonging to the Guards that escorted him."

A News-letter of November 4 in the same year shows how highly Queen Caroline valued the society of her "little red-faced staring Princeling," as Thackeray called him :

"We hear that Her Majesty was pleased to give £100 to the messenger that brought the news of his Majesty's safe landing in England."

The marriage notices of George II's subjects were recorded in more piquant language than is used now for such announcements. Thus we learn that

"On Thursday last Dr. Adams, a Physician, son of Governor Adams, was marry'd to Miss Gray, an agreeable Young Lady, and a fortune of £20,000."

Another of these alluring notices describes the lady's personal beauty :

"Yesterday Mr. Roberts, an eminent Cabinet maker in Piccadilly, one of the people called Quakers, was join'd in Holy Matrimony unto Mrs. Elizabeth Merce of the County of Essex, a young woman of an exceeding fair countenance, and lovely to behold, at the Quakers' Meeting-house, opposite Exeter Exchange, in the Strand."

Among the worst social abuses of this period were the Fleet Marriages. Offici-

## Gleanings from some Eighteenth-Century Newspapers

ating priests of the "marriage-houses" (which were mostly low taverns) employed touters, as cheap photographers do now, to entice the couples in. Sometimes the parsons plied for customers on their own account. Young gentlemen were made drunk and entrapped into an union with the worst of characters. An unfortunate girl who wanted a marriage certificate would hire a man to personate her husband and go through the mockery of a marriage service; sometimes with the same deceptive object, a feigned marriage took place between two women, the parson being quite cognisant of the imposture. Well might a News-letter "urge the necessity of a Bill to prevent Clandestine marriages" when they contained such paragraphs as the following:

"Last week the Nephew of a General Officer was married at the Fleet to a Servant-maid; he is but 13 years of age and was Heir Expectant to a very considerable Estate; she is about 20. They were married by fictitious names."

"On Tuesday last an Apprentice to a Packer of this City was married at the Fleet to a young Gentlewoman of Mile-end Green, 16 years of Age, and a Fortune of £12,000."

Leaving marriage for obituary notices, the "Ipswich Gazette" has various instances in which the death of some veteran broke a link connecting the time of George II with that of the Stuarts or of Cromwell. The death of an old soldier is thus recorded in 1735:

"Dublin, October 14. Last Sunday died in Earl Street, David Williams aged 108. He was a Grenadier in Oliver Cromwell's Army, and also in the Service of His Majesty King William III, and was reckoned one of the tallest men in the Kingdom, being about seven feet high."

Another veteran is noticed in the Newsletters of January 15, 1737:

"Last Saturday died at Chelsea College in the 112th year of his Age, Thomas Ashley, who had served in all the Wars in the Reign of King Charles, King William, and Queen Anne, in which he behaved himself very gallantly."

The Newsletters of July 2, 1735, contain the following notice of a man who did the State some service at a memorable crisis in English history:

"On Friday night died at Ickenham Hall, near Uxbridge, in the 90th Year of his Age, Richard Shoreliche, Esq.; a Gentleman who had been upwards of 50 years in the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex, and was the last surviving Juryman of those who serv'd at the Seven Bishops' committal to the Tower by King James II, in acquitting of

whom he had the Happiness of a principal Part, and acquired immortal honour, by preferring the Cause of his Country to the Personal Obligations he had to that Prince; for, being the Junior Juryman he was the first that declared them Not Guilty; and afterwards when seven were found of a different opinion he had the glory by the Strength and Honesty of his Arguments to bring them over to his own Sentiments; and by this Firmness in the Cause of Justice and Liberty may be said to have fixed the Basis of a Work which stemmed the Torrent of Popery and Slavery and was the Foundation of the present happy Constitution."

The cry of "Protection of British Industry" was frequently heard. News-letters of November 11, 1736, contain the following:

"We hear a General Officer has just hired the Famous French Cook who lately served a noble Duke; His Wages are £125 per annum, a Bottle Champaign every Day, Dinner, and clean Linnen (Ruffled Shirt, etc.) allowed him daily besides other Privileges, Perquisites, and Immunities altogether unknown to Cooks of the growth of Great Britain. It is hoped the Parliament will prohibit the Importation of these Fellows, who 'tis thought are sent over purposely to either ruin or poison our Nobility and Gentry. If all Foreign Popperies, Foreign Stuffs, Silks, etc., were prohibited, and we obliged to wear (like the prudent nation of Denmark) our own Manufactures, probably trade would flourish and not so many bankrupts would appear in our Gazettes."

The writer of the following in the Newsletters of June 8, 1736, appears to have been astonished that people would not be dressed according to Act of Parliament:

"Last Tuesday Mrs. Mender, of Prescot Street, Goodman Fields, and her Daughter, were fin'd £5 each for wearing Chintz Calico gowns. It's surprising the severe Laws prohibiting the wearing of these things won't deter them from it."

Some idea of the social condition of the country may be gained from paragraphs showing the frequency of highway robberies, burglaries, and other crimes, and the extreme severity with which they were punished; the extraordinary amount of smuggling that was carried on, and the fearful prevalence of drunkenness, with the futile attempts of the Government to suppress that vice by legislation. To begin with highway robberies. This was the palmy period of the knights of the road. At no time in the history of this country, perhaps, were gentlemen of the Claude Duval and Dick Turpin type in such an ascendant. These old newspapers abound in accounts of highway robberies, and people, generally speaking, appear to have accepted highwaymen as one of the institutions of the country—a kind of necessary evil.

The two following paragraphs (with one

## Gleanings from some Eighteenth-Century Newspapers

other) occur in one column in the London News-letters of April 20, 1735 :

" Saturday a Coach and Six was attacked near Kensington Gravel Pits by two Highwaymen : the Gentlemen and Ladies in it had provided themselves with Purse containing a few Shillings and Half-pence, and affected with so much reluctance to part with them, that the Fellows gave them the Watch-word and rode off. The Company were greatly pleased to think they had trick'd the Highwaymen, and believing them out of further danger were taking their money out of the places where they had concealed it when the Fellows having discovered the cheat rode back, made them alight out of the Coach, and robbed them of value £70.

" Last Friday as a Gentleman was riding over Mortlack Field, he was met by three Highwaymen who robbed him ; but not being satisfied with his appearance that they had got all he had they made him dismount, and stripping his Breeches down to his Heels they found two Guineas more which they took, and then beat the Gentleman, calling him a rogue and villain for offering to cheat them."

Burglaries were as common as highway robberies. Our forefathers were no safer in bed than on the road. The News-letters of November 21, 1734, state that :

" At Woodford, in Essex, some nights ago, Eleven Rogues, mask'd and arm'd entered the house of Mr. Woolridge, and plunder'd it of all the Brass, Pewter, Window Curtains, Beds and Bedding, and many other things ; and after drinking all the Rum, Brandy, and other liquors, loaded several Horses with the Booty to the value of £200 and carried it off."

The great prevalence of crime at this period was not caused by any lack of severity in the administration of the law. In 1734, four women were burnt at Tyburn for coining. At the March Assizes at Chelmsford in 1735 six men were sentenced to death for robberies. In August 1735 Mary Fasson, aged twenty, was burnt to death for poisoning her husband. In the same month a man was pressed to death for refusing to plead at the Sussex Assizes. Coming later, we find that when Sir S. Romilly laboured (from 1808 to 1818) to make our criminal law less cruel, it was death to steal five shillings from the person ; death to steal five shillings worth of goods from a shop ; death to steal a strip of cloth from a bleaching ground. In a debate in 1816, Sir S. Romilly stated that a child not ten years old was then in Newgate under sentence of death for shoplifting.

At this time, when import duties trebled or quadrupled the cost of many articles, smuggling was extensively practised. Almost everyone probably who did not smuggle himself approved of those who did ; and as the wages of labour were very low, the poor were under great inducements to

join the ranks of the smugglers, or to aid them in their work. The chief trade was in tea, then a monopoly of the East Indian Company, and on which the duty was four shillings a pound. The smugglers got theirs from the Dutch, who bought it in the East Indies at sixpence a pound, and sold it in Holland for two shillings. A News-letter of March 1736 computes that out of 1,200,000 pounds weight of tea consumed annually in England, only 500,000 pounds weight paid duty.

A fair specimen of the smuggling frays so frequent at this period is recorded in the spring of 1735. On April 18 of that year, Mr. Newby, a collector of customs of Woodbridge, accompanied by another customs-house officer, a sergeant and three dragoons, went to an almshouse at Semer, near Hadleigh, and seized 400 pounds of tea. Next day Newby and his companions attempted to carry their capture to the Ipswich Customs House. About a mile from Hadleigh they were attacked by about twenty well-armed persons on horseback, and overpowered by numbers. The smugglers killed one dragoon, and wounded the other two dragoons and a sergeant, killed three horses, and retook the tea. It is characteristic of the times that this outrage was committed by yeomen, millers, blacksmiths, and others in respectable positions.

The early period of the eighteenth century was marked by extreme intemperance. Beer, the great beverage of the olden time, had been gradually displaced by the use of spirits, chiefly gin or Geneva ; a drink more fiery than any spirituous concoction of the present day, except perhaps the Russian vodka. The three following paragraphs are all taken from one number of the " Ipswich Gazette " :

" Yesterday one William Thomas after having drunk 9 Quarters of Geneva, in the Catherine-Wheel Yard, in St. James's street, died immediately."

" The same day a Woman being drunk with the same liquor, dropped down dead near Charing Cross."

" A Tumult being observed last Monday at a Door of a Certain Gin Shop, some Gentlemen had the curiosity to enquire why such a Number of People were got together, and found that it was no more than that a man had fallen from his Horse stone dead there just as he had drunk his 18th Dram."

In one of the News-letters, reference is made to a gin-shop in Southwark, which had on its sign " Drunk for a Penny, dead drunk for Two-pence, clean straw for nothing." The price of gin was extremely low, and in 1736 an Act, called the Geneva

## Gleanings from some Eighteenth-Century Newspapers

Act, was passed—imposing the prohibitive duty of twenty shillings per gallon on all spirituous liquors sold by retail, and a charge of fifty pounds a year for every licence to sell the same. But this Act failed of its intended effect, for numerous devices were adopted, with success, by which the law was evaded, some of which are described in a News-letter of 1736:

"A certain person near St. James's Market continues Selling Drams, being colour'd with red, having a large Label tied to the bottle on which is wrote, 'Take 2 or 3 Spoonfuls of this 4 or 5 times a Day, or as often as the Fit is on.'"

"Numbers of people go about the Streets with Caggs of Geneva and Glasses under pretence of Crying Ink, Brass Cocks, or any other indifferent Thing, and when you accost them they ask you if you are for a dram."

Humorous names were given to the liquor surreptitiously supplied:

"The following Drams are sold at several Brandy Shops in this city—viz., Sangree, Tow-Row, Cuckold's Comfort, Parliament Gin, Make Shift, The Ladies' Delight, The Baulk, King Theodore of Corsica, Cholic and Gripe Waters, and many others, to evade the Act of Parliament."

The law could not be enforced, and the Geneva Act was repealed by Parliament in 1743. Its failure to put a stop to the sale of spirituous drinks should serve as a warning against putting too implicit reliance on the value of legislative enactments, however well intended, which go beyond the general sense of the people.

G. W.



### Our Weanie Wee

WE hae a winsome wee bairn,  
A bonnie bit o' love,  
As sweet a wean as ever drew.  
Its breath frae Heaven above.

Her e'en far bluer than the lift,  
Seam just the hame o' licht,  
They've made the dark hillside o' life  
Wi' glints o' joy fu' bricht.

What care we for the winter's cauld?  
Or for its drumly sky?  
The ingle o' our hearts is fu'  
And love is bleezing high.

We'd keep her Eden safe fra a'  
The ills that prowl about;  
And on that holy ground tak' care  
To stand wi' blameless foot.

The lowe o' love, the fire o' Heaven  
Brocht down in baby fist,  
When lanthorned weel, will guide the feet  
Thro' trouble's chilly mist.

The spunkie, Pelf, wad lure us on  
To chalking boge o' greed;  
But weanie hands haud up the licht  
That shows anither's need.

And envy, green-e'd, muckle-mou'ed,  
Aye thinking o' its wame,  
Will shun the baby's paradise,  
And slink away in shame.

# Old Highland Days

THE REMINISCENCES OF DR. JOHN KENNEDY

## III.



ANNIE MACGREGOR (ABOUT 1821)

IN the old days at Aberfeldy we had plenty of play, and probably enjoyed ourselves quite as much as the people nowadays who seem to make sport the business, and even the mania, of their lives. We never heard of cricket, and even football was quite outside of our experience. "Tossing the caber" and the other Highland games that have since been revived were not practised then. The youngsters used to play "cat-dog"—better known to a younger generation as "tip-cat"—and another famous game was "I spy," which we played on moonlight evenings, hiding from each other behind the houses or in any dark corner of the village. But the most exciting

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sport of an organised kind was "club." It was a sort of shinty, played with bent sticks very carefully chosen out of the woods, the ball being made by winding yarn (unravelled from an old stocking) tightly round and round a bit of cork. This we generally played in the village square, having "sides" but erecting no goals. At Christmas, and on other special occasions, we were allowed to play "club" on the field in front of Moness House, the residence at times of some branch of the Breadalbane Campbells. Shinty has now, I am told, given place to football.

There was one curious occupation that I used to carry on with my boy-friend John Macgregor in his father's house. He was a motherless bairn, by the way, but the house was kept by an old aunt, whose kindness of heart made her attractive to everyone in spite of a deformed body and a face disfigured by small-pox. One of the clearest figures in my memory is that of good Ann Macgregor sitting at the fireside and puffing away at a short "cutty-pipe," blackened by long use—in those parts the old women smoked, the men only taking snuff—while Johnnie and I melted lead into

the shape of little pistols, by means of paper moulds. I believe we used to fire off powder with these pistols, but they cannot have been very deadly weapons. The grown-up people, I am told, at Christmas used to have shooting competitions of a more serious and more dangerous kind, on a meadow which has been given up of late years to the fashionable game of golf; but these were stopped when a spent ball found its way into the pocket of a man on the road near by.

A favourite resort for us boys was the blacksmith's shop, which stood in the middle of the village at the entrance of the glen which leads up to the Falls of Moness. At Macdonald's "smiddy" we loved to

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stand and watch the sparks fly ; and a good many idle folk of larger growth also made that their rendezvous. The delights of a visit to the shoemaker's in the square were not less fascinating though a good deal more fearsome. It was there that famous story-tellers used to congregate and relate such tales of fighting clans, and witches, and ghosts, that our hair stood on end, and we scarcely dared to venture out into the dark and run home when bedtime came, though the manse stood actually next door ! At home our recreations were of a less thrilling variety. One of the favourites with old and young was to sit round the fire asking riddles, and puzzling our brains to find the answers. When we were old enough to read we found a new joy in life. The occasional newspaper that found its way to our village from the county town had nothing in it to interest us boys, except a scrap of "gossip." But either at home or at good old Donald Macphail's on Loch Tay-side we got hold of Mungo Park's African Travels (then coming out in parts), "Paul and Virginia," "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia," and a few other books.

Of singing as a recreation I remember little. As for instrumental music, I doubt if there was a piano in the place, and, although fiddles were in frequent use to accompany dancing, the music that really touched the hearts of the people, and was used on all "state occasions," so to speak, was that of the national instrument, the bagpipes. A fellow-villager tells of a curious scene that was witnessed on the occasion of the "flitting" of a weaver from the outskirts into Aberfeldy, when "he sat in his loom playing on the bagpipe, while eight brethren of the craft carried the whole affair through the streets to his new abode." It must have been no light weight. The same friend describes a touching scene which may well be given here :

"Donald Dhu (Black Donald) Macintyre was leaving for Canada. He could not bear to go to all the houses, where he was so well known, to say good-bye ; but he took his stand at the head of the street, and played a parting lament on his bagpipe. The first strains brought all the householders to their doors, and they listened as he played the tune of which some of the words, translated, were—

"The sea affrighteth, affrighteth,  
The sea affrighteth the sons of the Gael ;  
O Albyn belovéd, belovéd,  
Albyn belovéd, from thee I must sail !

He then waved his hand, and thus bade farewell for ever to the scenes of his youth."

Relics of extinct religions and forgotten wars were (and still are) plentiful in the country surrounding Aberfeldy. On the Dune rising above Moness to the south of the village are the remains of a prehistoric circular fort ; to the west, on the road through Dull—where the monks who are believed to have founded St. Andrews University once had a large establishment—are several groups of druidical stones ; and in the same direction, at the entrance to Glenlyon, are the fragments of a monstrous yew-tree that the Romans are said to have planted. Close by the yew-tree, at any rate, may be seen the dykes of a Roman camp, marking the most northerly spot in the land of the Gael to which the armies of the Caesar were able to fight their way. Still more striking as survivals of the old pagan days are certain ceremonies and superstitions which flourished in my early days, and which have by no means died out even yet. The belief in fairies and ghosts was very prevalent even among our nominally Protestant Highlanders. Up in the woods on the steep Weem Rock was a cave, about which some eerie legends clung, and which St. Cuthbert was said to have used as a hermitage ; and close by was a so-called "holy well" into which silly damsels used to drop pins in the hope of realising their wishes. But perhaps the most striking pagan rite which survived was the custom of kindling Bealtainn, or Beltane, bonfires on November 11. These, as the name shows, were originally kindled in honour of the Sun-god, and were no doubt used for human sacrifices. No pagan tradition or symbolic meaning was attached by any of my acquaintance to the Bealtainn fire ; it was simply a grand spectacle, the flames that leapt up from the hill that we called the Tulloch being answered by blazing bonfires on every headland along both sides of the strath.

We knew nothing of Guy Fawkes, or at least we never celebrated his day with bonfires or otherwise ; but we had our "guisers" nevertheless. They were bands of young men who dressed themselves up in straw and other fantastical costumes and went round on old Christmas Eve—the eve of Twelfth Night—headed by a piper, to the big houses in the neighbourhood, where they were rewarded for their mummery and dancing by "handsel." Nor was it only the big houses that they invaded, for I have

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a vivid and painful recollection of two of them suddenly bursting into the manse itself. My younger brother and I—we were both very little children—were in the kitchen, putting peats into the peat cupboard, when, looking up, we were terrified to see two outlandish and unhuman figures capering about behind us. The fright threw my brother into convulsions; and I well remember my father standing beside him and, after a brief prayer, rushing across the square to fetch the doctor. "Prayer and provender hinder no man," he used to say.

Betrothals and marriages were generally the occasions of much festivity, the bridegroom being escorted by a procession of his friends, headed of course by the pipes, to the house of the bride, where the final ceremony took place. Even funerals were often the occasion of festivities and of excess. But, on the other hand, the "wake" was often a most solemn occasion. Well do I remember spending a night at the wake which was held before old Donald Macphail was buried when I was a boy at Carie. The night was spent in reading the Scriptures and singing Psalms, interspersed I suppose with conversation and mutual

exhortation. And I have a distinct recollection of a young man sitting on the edge of the bed on which the corpse lay, and singing—what shall I call it? A wail! It was a Gaelic hymn or song on "The Day of Judgment," by the well-known Gaelic poet, Dugald Buchanan, to whose memory a monument has since been erected in Rannoch. The "minor" tones of that hymn seem to sound in my ears still. Surely none but Highland lips, and none but a Celtic language, could produce so plaintive a sound!

Only once besides do I remember hearing what realised my idea of a "wail." It was many years after, when returning from the Isle of Skye to Oban, on a fiercely tempestuous night. When the steamboat got into shelter under the lee of the Isle of Mull, a large company of emigrants on their way to a strange land were taken on board, and their voices brought my father and myself, the only cabin passengers, to the deck. The emigrants were singing—and such singing! It was in the spirit of "Lochaber no more!" The women's voices sounded as if they were appealing to sea and mountains to save them from the exile to which they were doomed. One can scarcely help feel-

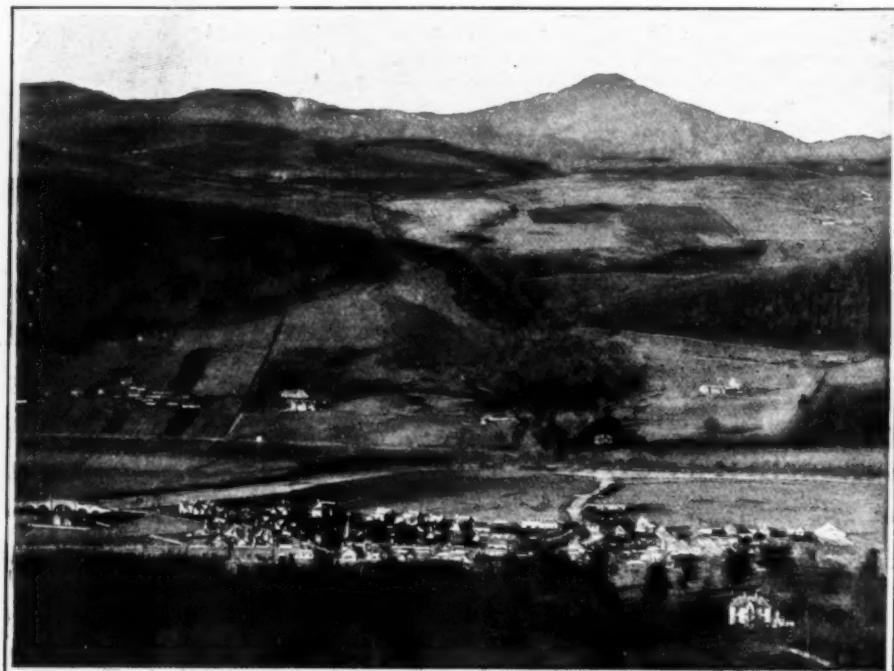


Photo by Duncan, Aberfeldy

## Old Highland Days

ing that their lament was echoed in sympathy by the land they loved, but which seemed to have cast them out.

Of the funeral service, in the sense now so familiar, there was little or none. There may have been a single prayer in the house before the coffin was carried out, but I am not sure if there was even that. Certainly there was no service or ceremony of any kind at the grave. The friends and neighbours used to form a procession and walk behind the coffin when it left the house. Most of these would soon drop out of the line; but the kinsmen (not women) went on, walking all the way, to the place of burial, though this was at quite a distance. Aberfeldy, as it had no parish church, had no churchyard, and the villagers were laid to rest some at Weem, some at Dull, and many at Logierait, seven miles down the river, where the Tay unites with the Tummel. But the favourite place of interment was Kenmore, six miles away, where the new-born river flows out of the eastern end of Loch Tay. A poet or an artist could hardly choose a more beautiful or peaceful site, looking out, as it does, upon the wooded island where King Alexander I buried his queen in 1172, and then along the length of the noble loch, with mountains sweeping up to the sky on either hand.

I was only twelve years old when those happy Aberfeldy days came to an end, my father having agreed to take charge of a church just formed in Inverness, the capital of the Highlands. Much of our furniture, and anything else that we could not take with us on the long journey over the Grampians, was sold by "roup," or auction, after written notices of the event had been posted up in the neighbouring villages; and my brother tells how the minister's wife, considering that some of the buyers had bid more than their purchases were worth, insisted on sending some of the money back to them.

It was a dark November morning in 1825 when we said farewell to our old home. It was before the days of railways, and even stage-coaches were unknown in those parts, so we travelled the whole ninety miles by carts. Two carts were loaded with our bedding and other belongings, and a third was covered with an awning which made a travelling tent for the mother and children, while the father and two young kinsmen acted as drivers. The whole village seemed astir, and our road was illuminated for miles by torches in the hands of the many friends who accompanied us. Gradually these friends fell back, and we were left to pursue

our lonely way over the hills to the Grampian range. The first day of our march had not come to an end when we were caught by a storm of wind and rain high up in the mountains, near Dalnacardoch; and when our wearied horses could hardly move, we were forced to seek shelter in a poor turf cabin. I have never forgotten the churlish reluctance with which we were received—it was certainly not a Highland welcome—but in we went, and we were thankful to submit to the choking "peat-reek" and the crowding of five in a bed, till the approach of morning and the partial cessation of the storm allowed us to go on our dreary way. It was not till the third night after leaving Aberfeldy that we reached Inverness, where we were welcomed by friends who seemed to feel that they could not do too much for our comfort.

At Inverness I was put to school first with a master who taught his boys in a room which Prince Charlie was said to have occupied after the battle of Culloden; and that is all I remember learning there. But very soon my two brothers and I were entered on the books of the Inverness Royal Academy. The rector and mathematical master of that institution was a Mr. Adam, who had the reputation of being "a dungeon of learning," but had not the art of communicating his knowledge to others. He was rather an eccentric and absent-minded man, and I suppose I was at least an accomplice in the tricks that were played upon him. I remember once we locked the door and turned the schoolroom into a playground, while he stood outside. A class-fellow of mine once fired a pea at the rector's head, using his thumb as a catapult. The rector thought I had done it, and came in wrath with his great "tawse" to punish me. Conscious of my innocence, I was resolved not to be punished, and I got up and leapt over forms and desks with my pursuer behind me. He either wearied of the chase or found out his mistake; at any rate, the tawse never touched me. I remember another day when the rector, looking out of the schoolroom window, saw a fishwife going along the street. He called to Donald Macdonald, a doctor's son, to run and take the fishwife to Mrs. Adam, that she might purchase. Donald was always ready for a bit of fun, so he ran out, and soon came back hauling into the classroom a great cod. "Here, sir," he cried, "here's the best fish in all the creel."

But I remember the Academy "park" 813

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—our playground—at least as well as any of the class-rooms, and I think I may venture to say that there I was not inferior to any of “my equals in mine own nation.” I remember getting credit for not going to play till I had done my lessons; but when I did go I took my part in the games with an eager determination not to be last in the race or in anything else.

Of my class-fellows I remember many, but, alas! where are they now? William Falconer, son of a neighbouring proprietor, Falconer of Lentran, died at the head of his company as they were rushing into a breach in the walls of Kabul, in that Afghan War that ended so disastrously. Arbuthnot Dallas died in Calcutta, while in charge, in some form, of the famous Dost Mohammed. One of my special friends was the gentle and gentlemanly “Neddy” Gordon. I remember our walking together in the Academy Park with our arms around each other’s neck. From the autumn of 1828, when I went to college, I scarcely caught a glimpse of him till, in the spring of 1875, we met in the lobby of the House of Commons. He was then Lord Advocate for Scotland in Mr. Disraeli’s ministry, and a man also of high Christian character. There was one with whom my intimacy was not so much at school as later on—James Whitton Arklay. We went to college together, and what I hope was our “second birth” took place before we ended our first session, and we joined in trying to do some good on our return home. But after his second session at King’s College he was

taken from us by a rapid consumption. My first effort with the pen was in a memoir of him, which was published in the “Christian Herald,” the predecessor of the “Scottish Congregational Magazine.” Of my other schoolmates, Alexander Dallas went to the Far West and rose to be Governor of the Hudson’s Bay Company, and William Edwards, son of Sheriff Edwards, went to what was then regarded as the Far East, and afterwards published an account of his adventures as an Indian magistrate during the great Mutiny.

I must not forget to recall a trip we boys took with our father, in 1826, to our old home in Aberfeldy. The old bellman, or town crier, was sent out to announce that Mr. Kennedy would preach in the chapel on the following Sunday. He was a grumpy old fellow, the bellman; there was a tradition in the village that he had once been condemned to death for sheep-stealing, but had been pardoned on condition that he accepted office as hangman. When he came ringing and crying his message on the square, we boys were rude enough to laugh at him. He turned upon us angrily and shouted, “If the de'il were deid, your feyther wad lose his trade!”

Absurd as it would seem nowadays for a boy of fifteen to go to a University, that was what I did. In the autumn of 1828 I was entered as a “bageant,” or freshman, at King’s College; and as Aberdeen, though pretty far north, is outside the Highland line, here the story of my “Old Highland Days” must end.



## University Education and what it Costs



MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

THE cost of university education is a question of perennial interest to parents. It is one which is of importance also to young men who desire to enter the learned professions. Yet it is a subject on which the ideas of many are very vague indeed.

The object of the present paper is to put in a brief and accessible form the latest available information regarding the fees and other expenses incidental to a university education. Where possible, we have given the total cost, including board and lodgings, clubs, etc., as well as fees. But where, as in Scotland, students do not reside in college, the cost of living depends very much on the tastes and means of the

student. And as no statement of the cost would be complete without some idea of the prizes which are available, we have sought to indicate also the value of scholarships, exhibitions, and bursaries at the various universities of the United Kingdom.

It should be added that, besides the scholarships given by the universities or colleges themselves, "leaving scholarships" are given by most of our large schools, which are of great assistance to deserving lads entering on university life.

Provision too is now being made by which even pupils of Board schools can have easy access to the universities. Boys and girls are being enabled to go from the London Board schools, for instance, direct

## University Education and what it Costs



THE COURT OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

to the universities by the aid of scholarships. These have been placed at the disposal of the Board by various generous donors, including the Drapers' Company.

### Oxford and Cambridge

If we begin with Oxford and Cambridge, we find that much depends upon the particular college which the student selects at either of these ancient universities. It is hardly possible, however, for a student residing in college to do so for less than £150 to £200 a year. This would be a moderate allowance. It is true that some authorities give a lower estimate. The University Commissioners, a few years ago, estimated the total cost of a career at Oxford at about £600. Mr. F. S. de Carteret-Bisson, in his book on "Our Schools and Colleges," says that half that sum, with economy, may be made to suffice, and that £400 would be ample for one of moderate means and wants. We are inclined to think that there are not many students who come through Oxford at so small a cost as £400. When the same writer estimates the average annual cost of a student at one of the Cambridge colleges to be

£70, we imagine that at least twice that sum would be nearer the mark. It is true, however, that a student of the university may be an "unattached," or "non-collegiate" student, and may thus effect considerable saving.

At both Oxford and Cambridge there are liberal university scholarships. There are also valuable scholarships for each college. At Oxford, for example, Balliol has thirteen scholarships of about £75 a year, five of £60, and many exhibitions. Christ

Church, besides its senior studentships, has fifty-two junior studentships, corresponding to the scholarships at other colleges. Corpus Christi has twenty-four scholarships, all open, value £80 a year, besides rooms, and tenable for five years.

At Cambridge, Trinity has seventy-two scholarships and sixteen sizarships—the latter worth £16 a year each. St. John's has sixty-eight scholarships, sixty of which are worth £50 a year. Caius has thirty-six scholarships—varying from £20 to £60 a year. Christ's College has twenty-nine scholarships, in value from £30 to £70 per annum. These are only specimen cases.

Women are admitted to most of the lectures, both at Oxford and Cambridge. They are not eligible for degrees or prizes, but may pass the examinations and receive certificates to that effect.

### The University of London

The University of London is an examining body, which confers degrees, but has no colleges or lectures.<sup>1</sup> The total fees in the Arts or Science course, from the matricula-

<sup>1</sup> The University is now, however, in process of re-constitution, and will become, it is hoped, in its new form a teaching institution worthy of the Metropolis.

## University Education and what it Costs

tion to the M.A. degree, are £27. Thus, for a student residing at home, the total cost is comparatively small.

There are many valuable scholarships. At the matriculation examination, for instance, there is a scholarship of £30 for the candidate who distinguishes himself most in English. At the same examination there are exhibitions for female candidates only, some for one year, some for two years, and varying from £20 to £40 per annum.

At the intermediate examination in Arts, and the intermediate examination in Science, London University gives eleven scholarships of £30 and £40 a year each, for two years. And at the B.A. and B.Sc. examinations there are about the same number of scholarships—value of £50 a year for three years.

Women are eligible for the degrees and prizes of London University.

### The University of Durham

The average annual expenses of a student at University College, Durham, are about £90. At Hatfield Hall they are somewhat less.

Durham has some good scholarships, varying from £30 to £70 a year for two years. It has six theological scholarships of £60 a year for two years, besides several smaller scholarships and exhibitions in theology.

Women are eligible for all degrees in Durham, except those in divinity.

### Victoria University

This University has its seat at Manchester, but is composed of three colleges—Owens College, Manchester, Yorkshire College, Leeds, and Liverpool University College.

Women are eligible for all classes, examinations, and degrees in arts.

The cost of living depends upon the student's means.

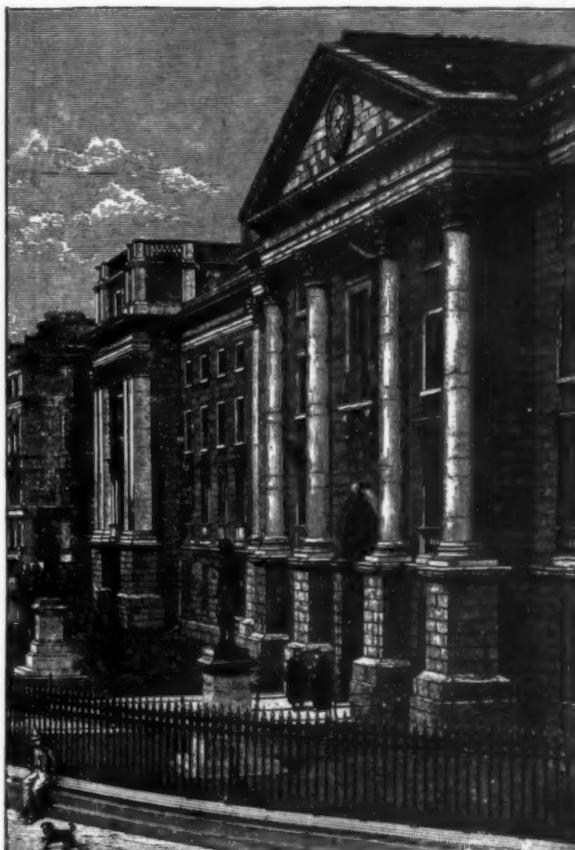
Besides the university scholarships, each college provides exhibitions and scholarships varying in value from £15 to £50 a year.

### Trinity College, Dublin

The cost of a career at Trinity College, Dublin, for a student who resides in college, varies from £70 to £100 a year, according to the length of time he resides each year, and the class of room he occupies. If a student resides at home, about £35 a year should suffice for college fees, tuition, and clubs, etc. If he lives in lodgings, he should add to this sum about £1 a week. Students who live in lodgings do not remain in Dublin, as a rule, much more than three months in the year.

There is a liberal provision of prizes. There are eighty scholarships and thirty sizarships, besides fourteen university studentships. The latter are worth £100 a year each, and are tenable for seven years.

The classes and degrees of Trinity



FRONT OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN  
(SHOWING STATUES OF MOORE AND GOLDSMITH)

## University Education and what it Costs

College, Dublin, are not open to women. There are, however, some special examinations for women, and certificates are granted in connection with them.

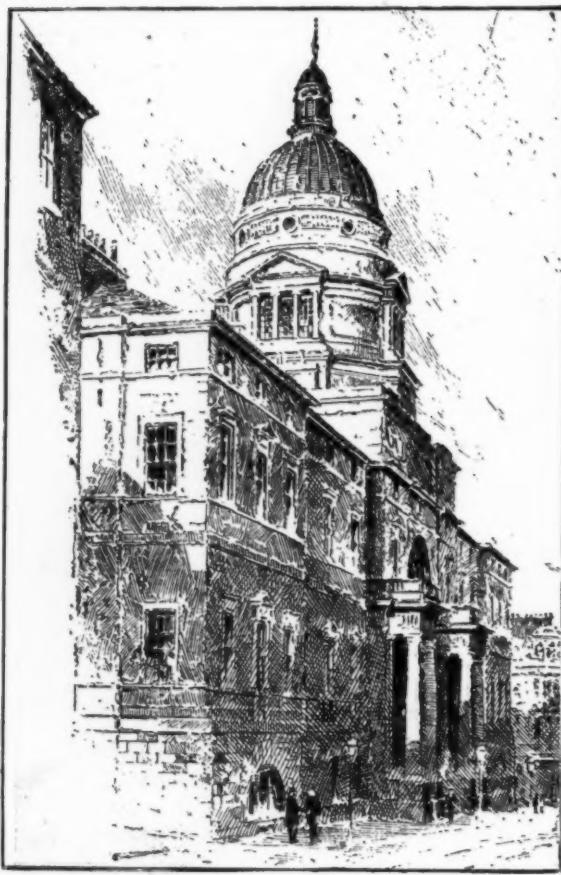
### The Royal University of Ireland

The Royal University of Ireland is an examining body only. The total fees for the B.A. degree amount to £6. Residence

three Queen's Colleges amount to £25 for the three years' course in arts, or a little over £8 per annum.

At each of the Queen's Colleges there are open, annually, thirty scholarships in arts of £24 each for undergraduates, with some senior scholarships of £40 each for those who have taken their B.A. degree.

The Royal University gives at its matriculation examination ten exhibitions of £24 each, and twenty of £12 each. At the first university examination it gives ten exhibitions of £30 each, and twenty of £15 each. At the second university examination it gives eight exhibitions of £36 each, and sixteen of £18 each. At the B.A. examination it gives seven exhibitions of £42 each, and fourteen of £21 each.



EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY

is not required. Women are eligible for its degrees. Students who desire the aid of college lectures may obtain these at the colleges affiliated with the university. These are the three Queen's Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway, and Magee College, Londonderry; or they may study at one of the Roman Catholic Colleges.

The total class fees, at any one of the

### The University of Aberdeen

The Scottish universities have no colleges for residence of students. The cost of living varies considerably, but lodgings can be had in the university towns at moderate rates.

Women are eligible for degrees at all the Scottish universities, and are admitted to all lectures and examinations. The class fees in Aberdeen are £3 3s. for each class. There is a matriculation fee of £1, and a further fee of £3 3s. for the M.A. degree, which includes three examinations.

In this university there are 140 bursaries or exhibitions, tenable for four years.

### The University of Edinburgh

The fees at Edinburgh are practically the same as those of Aberdeen. The M.A. course extends over three years.

There are over 100 bursaries, varying in value from £5 to £100 a year. There are also twenty-two scholarships, ranging from £60 to £120 a year, tenable for varying periods.

### The University of Glasgow

The cost of fees for a four years' course for the degree of M.A. is about £45.

## University Education and what it Costs

There are 190 bursaries, ranging from £5 to £200. There are also fourteen Snell Exhibitions of £100 a year, tenable for five years.

### The University of St. Andrews

At this university the total fees for arts classes and the degree of M.A. amount to about £36.

There are twenty bursaries in St. Mary's College, ranging from £6 to £30 a year, and seventy-four bursaries in the United College, varying from £5 to £30 a year.

### The University of Wales

This university is composed of three colleges—at Aberystwyth, at Bangor, and

at Cardiff. The fees per session at each college amount to £10 in all. Cost of lodgings is additional, and is very moderate.

Women are admitted to all examinations and degrees.

At each college there are scholarships, varying in value from £5 to £40 a year.

From this summary it will be seen that university education in the United Kingdom is brought within the reach of students of limited means. If not at all our universities, certainly at most of them, a student who obtains scholarships can practically support himself. And the scholarships are sufficiently abundant to ensure a reward for any student who works hard.

## Battered Coins<sup>1</sup>

**B**ATTERED, and dinged, and much defaced,  
There lay upon the ground

A heap of ancient silver coins  
Just dug from out a mound.

One voice declared, "They came from Rome!"

But many this denied.

"Where is the trace of Cæsar's face?"  
The unbelieving cried.

Then he who said they came from Rome  
Took up those coins defaced,  
And side by side with careful hand  
The battered coins he placed,  
And lo! not *one* the impress bore  
Of Cæsar's haughty face.  
The sceptic throng, with laughter long,  
Cried, "Cæsar for us trace!"

He heeded not their laughter loud,  
In silence did he stand  
Till every worn and battered coin  
His careful eye had scanned:  
A paper, then, he quickly took,  
With skilful fingers traced  
Each mark which he could plainly see  
Upon those coins defaced.

One bore the impress of an eye—  
Another showed an ear—  
A chin, a nose, a mouth, a wreath  
On other coins appear.

With care and skill each curve he drew  
And made each feature join;  
Then cried aloud unto the crowd,  
"Now who denies the coin?"

The crowd stood still! The expert's skill  
Had proved it Cæsar's coin!  
They saw no trace of Cæsar's face,  
But his skilled eye could join  
A part from each: thus did he teach—  
"Though each coin be defaced,  
Join all the best—discard the rest—  
And Cæsar can be traced!"

Battered, and dinged, and much defaced,  
God's coins around us lie!  
Made in His image, we are told—  
"We see it not!" men cry.  
Yet Love, and Hope, and Faith, and Truth  
We find—though oft defaced—  
Oh, take the best—discard the rest—  
His image may be traced!

A mother's self-denying love—  
A father's pure and true—  
A sister's care—a brother's strength—  
A friend's sweet trust in you—  
The best trait in each life you've known—  
Join all these, if you can,  
And in your mind you'll truly find  
God's image seen in man!

ANNIE B. ELLARD,  
Sydney.

<sup>1</sup> Prize Poem for Recitation. Colonial Competition, "Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod. (See p. 384.)



FROM THE PAINTING BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

FISHING BOATS OFF HASTINGS

## The Best Remedy for the Present Scarcity of Domestic Servants<sup>1</sup>

TO discuss the *causes* of the scarcity of servants does not appear to come within the scope of this essay, yet it is obvious that a consideration of the circumstances that have led to the diminution of this useful class of the community will afford the best indication of the lines along which to look for the remedy. The conditions of our modern social life, which appear to be chiefly responsible for the evil, are (1) the decay of the rural population from whom our domestics were formerly so largely drawn; (2) the lack of decent homes in the congested areas of our great cities, producing a type of girl unfit for respectable situations; (3) the multiplication of factory and other employments in large towns, which offer to girls greater inducements, more freedom and leisure; (4) the educational equipment of our elementary schools, which now enables the daughters of the working classes to engage in what they deem lighter and more genteel occupations; and, lastly, early marriages.

With the first of these causes we have nothing to do, except to express the hope that "the cottage homes of England" may yet again flourish, and the cottage maiden, with the rosy hue of health on her cheeks, recruit the thinning ranks of that army of domestic workers on whom our comfort so greatly depends. The second cause is also one with which we cannot here deal.

But though "the redemption of the home" is not our subject, the redemption of the class of girls coming from "the warrens of the poor" has much to do with it. For we must make the best of things as they are, and, since the migration from country to town still continues, look for the raw material out of which the respectable capable servant is to be evolved to the girlhood of our towns. Much of this material is certainly rough and in need of a refining process. When you see a bright-looking, healthy girl at your door, desirous of cleaning your step for a couple of pence, you think, "What a pity this girl is not sent to service!" But a glance at her torn and

dirty garments will show the difficulties that stand in her way, even if she desired to exchange the freedom of the streets for the restraints of the well-ordered house. Such as she go to swell the ever-growing army of factory-workers, a considerable part of whom are independent and rough to a degree.

A correspondent of a daily paper recently gave us a glimpse of factory life. He was making inquiries as to the effect of the war on our food industries. Meeting a band of jam and pickle makers outside one of their factories, he asked if the war had made them busy. "'Yas,' shrieked a few. The others were less relevant, but equally vigorous. One begged of me to get my hair cut. Another desired to know if my mother knew I was out. A third inquired if I wanted a 'jam job.' A fourth begged that I would go and have a drink with her. 'O' course you'll stand Sam,'" and finally "this band of joyous jam girls and makers of pickles formed a circle round" their questioner, "and went off into reeling dance, shrieking out 'Soldiers of the Queen.'" How can girls like these be converted into modest maidens and steady servants? It is plain that their superior sisters must take them in hand, and inspire them with higher ideals than they now entertain, opening up their way to better things. Factory labour is mechanical, monotonous, uninstructive, and affords no training in womanly duties. But the factory hand recks little of these disadvantages; they are more than counterbalanced by the liberty she enjoys outside her working hours. If domestic service is to provide a counter-attraction, it will in future have to be so conditioned and regulated as to have its definite periods of leisure also.

But the crying need of the present day is the multiplication of institutions for the training of servants. The value of technical instruction was never more fully recognised than now, and there are cookery and laundry classes in connection with Board schools. Still, though better than nothing, these are

<sup>1</sup> Prize Essay: "Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod. See p. 384.

## Remedy for the Present Scarcity of Domestic Servants

utterly insufficient to thoroughly equip a girl for domestic duties. What is now done by philanthropic effort on a small scale should be organised in every centre of population in the land. Such an institution should combine the features of a home and of a school, and might be named "The Domestics' Home-School." A new style of servant has lately sprung up in the "daily girl." The inmates of the Home-School could contribute materially to its support by going out as "daily girls," and at the same time gain practical experience for themselves. The whole routine of the Home should subserve the purpose of education in household duties, in good behaviour, and in Christian conduct. Its curriculum should comprise cookery, laundry, dressmaking, needlework, and sick-nursing classes, to be open also to outsiders in service in the neighbourhood. Grants from the Education Department and the County Council could thus be earned. Recreation might also have its place in each day's programme. Girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen should be eligible for admission, and the period of training extend to two years. The ladies of "light and leading" of a district, drawn preferably from the congregations of its places of worship, could form its committee of management. If the institution proved useful, public support would probably be granted.

There might possibly be some difficulty in inducing parents to allow their daughters to enter. Too often children are regarded in the light of wage-earners, and parents are more concerned about present profit than future advantage. A kind of apprenticeship indenture could be required by the authorities of the institution. On leaving the Home for situations, some sort of communication with, and supervision of, the girls should be maintained, and periods of long and faithful service recognised and rewarded. The Girls' Friendly Society and the Association for Befriending Young Servants do excellent work, but being sectarian are only partial in their operation.

A step preparatory to the initiation of the proposed Home-Schools could be taken in the establishment of Daily Girls and Step Cleaners' Brigades. A house or rooms as headquarters, where both mistresses and girls could apply, might be a nucleus round which much useful and helpful organisation in the interests of the servant class could gather. Details cannot here be elaborated. It is enough to say that girls commencing

service need more help, more teaching, more sympathy, and more oversight than they mostly receive.

Let us now consider how domestic service may be made more attractive and honourable in the estimation of those whose false notions of gentility bar their way to a useful career. It should be reckoned as respectable to serve in the house as to serve in the shop. The status of the servant class needs raising in public opinion. In France the Government has established an Order of Washerwomen, to the most efficient of whom medals and diplomas are awarded. Why not medals and diplomas for servants? Let there be examinations and practical tests of competency in the several branches of domestic work, and public presentations of credentials of ability. This would promote a laudable ambition and *esprit de corps*. A servant would have a higher sense of the worth and responsibility of her vocation if she were thus encouraged to perfect herself in it. But the increased appreciation of domestic service is largely in the power of mistresses themselves. A maid ought to be treated with as much consideration and care in respect to all that is needful for health and comfort as a daughter of the family. A mistress who overworks or underfeeds her servants, or provides them with sleeping accommodation on a landing or in a kitchen, has no right to complain that she cannot keep them. A certain amount of leisure time both on weekdays and Sunday should be guaranteed. If a family take an interest in the welfare of their servant, considering her convenience, appreciating her efforts, sympathising in her sorrows and joys, they will find in most girls a warm response. "By love serve one another," and do not except your servant. If you honour her, she will honour you and seek to be worthy of your esteem; if you serve her, she will serve you from the best of all motives—love.

Finally, let all who engage in the religious instruction of servants impress upon them the true aim—"as unto Christ." Our Lord Himself by word and deed emphasised the dignity and blessedness of service. "I am among you as he that serveth," He said to His disciples; and was He not when He washed their feet (the lowliest of an Eastern domestic's duties) in the upper room at Jerusalem, and prepared their breakfast in the twilight of early morn by the Galilean Lake?



## Over-Sea Notes

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS)

### Drinking-water in France

THE question how to provide the public with drinking-water, or drinkable water, has of late years received increasing attention from the medical profession and hygienic authorities in France; nevertheless, the progress effected in this direction has fallen far short of what might have been expected from the country that enriched physical science with the researches and discoveries of Pasteur. The much contaminated water of the Seine is still drunk in certain quarters of Paris and in most of the suburbs, and throughout the country it is a common practice to use for all domestic purposes the water of streams in which the linen of a considerable population has been washed. Then the general negligence with regard to the protection of wells from pollution is simply amazing to English people, who travel in the provinces and observe prevailing habits rather closely. In view of such facts it is not surprising that modern science should have had so little influence upon that scourge of France, typhoid fever. The persistency with which typhoid clings to Paris, notwithstanding the great improvements that have been carried out in the water supply since the days when the Seine sufficed for all the domestic purposes of Parisians, has led to much searching inquiry, and certain conclusions which have lately been forced upon the notice of scientific men are of very general interest. The presence of noxious bacteria in large numbers in spring water, or what is supposed to be such, has enforced the recognition of this important fact, that water, which has all the appearance of being the outflow of a true spring, may have already travelled for many a league on the surface of the earth exposed to every kind of contamination. In chalk and limestone districts streams frequently disappear by descend-

ing into fissures of the crust, and flow along a subterranean channel for a considerable distance before they emerge again, joining or being joined by others on the way of similar character and origin. In such cases there is no real filtration of water by its passage through a purifying medium. The greater part of Paris is now supplied with water drawn from three large streams. At least two of these have been found to belong to the scientific category of which the Fountain of Vaucluse, celebrated by Petrarch, is a remarkable illustration; that is to say, they are streams that become subterranean for a time and then reappear elsewhere. The reason why the quality of the water derived from these sources leaves a good deal to be desired is therefore explained, and the subject is one of serious concern to the medical and sanitary authorities of the French capital.—E. H. B.

### The World's Submarine Cables

With the remarkable rise of Germany as an industrial and commercial power numerous voices have been raised lately in the Fatherland, in the press and in the Reichstag, begging that the Government may take energetic steps to possess themselves of a network of submarine cables. It is a large order. Cables are enormously expensive things, and cannot be laid in a year or two; but Germans are evidently in earnest on the cable question, and mean to extend their possessions in this direction. At the present moment there exist nearly 215,000 miles of submarine cables, of these about 25,000 miles being in the possession of States, and about 190,000 miles in the hands of private companies. Among the European possessors of cables Germany is only a bad fourth. She owns only 2,700 miles of State cable and 1,300 miles of private cable. Austria and Belgium possess

## Over-Sea Notes

only 150 miles and 60 miles respectively, and Denmark 300 miles. The Great Northern Telegraphic Company, whose cables connect England, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, also Russia, Japan, China, and Corea, controls 8,000 miles of cable. Spain owns 2,000 miles; France 6,000 miles belonging to the State, and 17,000 miles in private hands. England's possessions in cables far exceed those of all other lands together—viz. 2,300 miles belonging to the State and over 130,000 miles belonging to private companies. British cables form a veritable network under the seven seas. The most important are those of the Eastern Telegraph Company, connecting Spain, Portugal, Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Penang, Singapore, Siam, China; between Singapore, Dutch India, Australia; between Australia and New Zealand; between Marseilles and Malta; between Triest, Corfu, and Alexandria. British cables run along the eastern and western coasts of Africa. The Anglo-American Telegraph Company, the direct United States Cable Company, and the Western Telegraphic Company control six cables across the Atlantic. In addition there are several smaller cables connecting the West Indian islands with one another, most of them in British hands.—M. A. M.

### The United States Navy since the War with Spain

FOUR years ago two papers were published in the "Leisure Hour" describing the development of the United States navy since 1883. The year 1883 was taken as a starting-point because in that year the United States began to build its modern war navy. Between the close of the war of the Rebellion in 1866 and 1883, the American navy was at a standstill; so much so that when the new movement was begun the United States did not possess a single modern war-ship. But from 1883 ships of war for the United States were continuously in building. In that year \$14,819,000 was voted for the navy; and in each subsequent year the appropriations for the navy were steadily increased until, in 1898, they had reached a total of \$33,000,000. Then came the war with Spain, and the adoption of the great shipbuilding programme which is now being carried out. In 1899 Congress voted \$56,000,000 for the navy; and in the next financial year there was another vote of \$48,000,000. The net result of the naval policy of the last three years is that to-day the United States navy ranks fourth among the navies of

the world. Great Britain comes first; France second; Russia third; the United States fourth, and Germany fifth. The difference between the naval strength of the United States and Germany is, however, but small. A cruiser of 2,700 tons would adequately represent the difference in strength between the nations holding the fourth and fifth places in the list of naval Powers. To-day the United States has 61 vessels in building. All but six of these are either on the stocks or in the finishing basins. As regards the six which have been excepted, these are battle-ships and cruisers. The designs for them are ready; and it is probable that before this paragraph appears in the "Leisure Hour" the contracts for these vessels will have been given out. The ships in building include eight first-class battle-ships, three sheathed battle-ships, three sheathed armoured cruisers, seven sheathed protected cruisers, four monitors, sixteen torpedo-boat destroyers, and seventeen torpedo-boats. Up to the time of the adoption of the programme of 1898-1900, the United States had expended \$98,500,000 on its navy. On the ships now in construction \$62,570,000 are to be expended; figures which in themselves indicate the energy with which, since the war with Spain, the United States has gone into making a place for itself among the naval Powers. When the ships now in construction are out of the builder's yard the United States will have in all 198 war-vessels of one description or another. There is nothing final about the present programme. The United States intends to keep in the front rank of naval Powers.—E. P.

### The Development of American Ship-building

SIDE by side with the building of the United States war navy, and to a large extent growing out of the building of the navy, there has been going on an enormous development of the shipbuilding industry in the United States. In general terms, this development is correctly described in a paragraph in the last report of the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives. "Seventeen years ago," it reads, "we had practically no facilities for building ships, and what we had were discredited. We were obliged to buy our armament and armour, and even in one case our plans, from foreign countries. To-day we are not only building ships in American shipyards of American material, by American labour on American plans, for ourselves, but also for some of the leading nations of the world." When the navy was begun in 1883 there were only three shipyards in the United

States in which vessels of iron, the material then still in use, could be built. One was at Philadelphia, another at Chester, on the Delaware, and the third at Wilmington, in the State of Delaware; and it is doubtful if in any one of these yards the number of men at work reached 500. At the present time the United States Government is building 61 war-ships in fifteen private yards. Twelve of these are on the Atlantic and three on the Pacific Coast. At two of them, the Cramp Yard at Philadelphia and the Huntington Yard at Newport News, on Chesapeake Bay, over 6,000 men are at work. Nor do these fifteen yards include all the steel shipbuilding plants in the United States. There are two yards on the Atlantic Coast which do not take Government work, and on the Great Lakes there are nine modern shipyards which cannot build for the navy, because of the stipulation in the treaty of 1818, between Great Britain and the United States, which forbids the building of vessels of war on the lakes. In the larger of these lake yards it would be possible to build anything from a torpedo-boat to a battle-ship; but were there no treaty in the way, it would not be practicable to get vessels of larger size than a gunboat through the Canadian canals to the St. Lawrence. The lake shipbuilders fret under the disability which the treaty throws upon them. They would like to build for the American navy and for foreign war navies; and they are hopeful that before long the restraining clause in the treaty will be abrogated. Foreign navies which have in the last two years built ships in American yards are Russia and Japan. Japan built two first-class cruisers; and Russia has now in building at Philadelphia a battle-ship and a cruiser. As yet American yards have not built for foreign merchant navies; but the day is at hand when they will compete with Great Britain and Germany for that work.—E. P.

### Johann Gutenberg, the Inventor of Printing

As this note is being sent to press Germany is celebrating with all fitting circumstance the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of her most remarkable sons, Johann Gutenberg zu Gensfleisch, the inventor of printing. For a week past the lovely old city of Mayence, on the Rhine, Gutenberg's birthplace, has been *en fête*, and representatives of science and art have gathered together from all parts of the Fatherland to do honour to the memory of a man whose invention has revolutionised the world. The year and

place of Gutenberg's birth are not exactly known, but there is strong reason for believing that he was born at Mayence either in the closing years of the fourteenth or in the opening years of the fifteenth century. The political troubles of the time caused the family to remove to Alsace, and it was while in Strassburg that Gutenberg undoubtedly made the discovery which has given immortality to his name. He was a skilled goldsmith and worker in metals, and his facility in using iron and lead doubtless enabled him to come to his conclusions with greater certainty. It is not altogether accurate to say that Gutenberg was the inventor of printing. He was rather the inventor of movable metal type. Before his time elementary Latin grammars and other small primers had been produced by the process of carving out the letters on blocks of wood, much as woodcuts are now prepared. Gutenberg's invention consisted in the casting of each separate letter and sign used in typography.

He was quite an elderly man in reduced circumstances when he returned to Mayence with his invention. He speedily made the acquaintance of a wealthy citizen named Fust, who advanced him sufficient money to establish a printing press. After one or two trials of his press on unimportant work, Gutenberg began the work on which his heart had been long fixed—the printing of the Holy Scriptures. This great undertaking, which occupied him for three years, was begun in 1453. The letters are boldly if somewhat unequally cut, and an examination of the work shows that the type was of various degrees of hardness. This Bible is known as the 42-line Bible, because there are 42 lines of printed matter to the page. Thirty-one copies out of an original edition of one hundred copies are known to exist, the present market price of which is between £3,500 and £4,000 per copy. Later, Gutenberg printed a second Bible known as the 36-line Bible. Probably not more than fifty copies of this edition were printed, and only nine incomplete copies are known to exist. Although the technique of the 36-line Bible is inferior to its predecessor it commands a higher price.

Gutenberg's connection with Fust was not commercially a success, and the printing office was eventually taken over by Fust himself in association with a young man of much cleverness and energy—Peter Schöffer. The firm of Fust and Schöffer produced admirable work, and their editions are much sought after by lovers of books.

Gutenberg died poor, a pensioner of the Elector of Mayence. The exact year of his death

## Over-Sea Notes

is not known, but it was probably about 1468. He was buried in the graveyard of the Dominican monastery of Mayence, but the exact spot is unknown, and no stone marks his final resting place. In several German cities beautiful statues have been erected to his memory, notably in Strassburg, Frankfurt, Dresden, and Mayence.

M. A. M.

### Major Eddy and the Soldier's Mother

ONE of the bravest deeds yet chronicled in the war was the stand made by a company of Australians, who, in their very first engagement, were cut off by the enemy. They declined to use the white flag in order to save themselves, and fought to the end. Every man was cut down, from the gallant major who led them to the last private.

While the first contingent was leaving Melbourne, amidst the cheers of the multitudes who thronged the thoroughfares, a poor heartbroken old woman, standing almost in the middle of the street, pressed forward and, clutching the hand of Major Eddy, the officer in command, said: "Good-bye, sir; look after my boy, won't you?" The major stopped for a moment and said, "What's his name, mother?" The old lady hastily gave the name, and then as the troops passed on the major shouted back, "Good-bye, mother. Don't you fret. I'll bring your boy back safe and sound to you."

The kind-hearted soldier was the same gallant officer who died with his men—Victoria's first sacrifice to the Empire.—A. J. W.

### Australasia and Argentina: a Comparison

THE writer of these lines, who has lived in the United States, Australasia, and the River Plate, three of the principal fields of emigration for British capital and British labour, has often noticed that, though the rate of wages paid to unskilled labourers in Argentina is lower than that which obtains in Australia (a colony which has a similar climate, and where the principal occupation—sheep and cattle raising—is the same), yet it generally happens that at the end of ten years the emigrant in Argentina, if he be at all intelligent and industrious, is much better off than his Australian brother after the same lapse of time. This is probably explained by the following facts: 1. The greater thriftiness of the immigrant in Argentina, who is content to live sparingly for a few years in order to save sufficient money to start in some occupation on his own account; once an employer of labour,

the comparative lowness of wages becomes a point in his favour; and he can also commence on a smaller capital than is necessary in Australia. 2. The greater natural richness of Argentina as compared with Australia; long and destructive droughts are unknown; thousands of miles of navigable rivers permeate all parts of the interior; the vast extent of rich alluvial soil, etc. It is true Argentina is troubled with locusts, which are unknown in Australia; but the rabbit plague of Australia is equally unknown in Argentina. 3. The cordial relations existing between capital and labour in Argentina; strikes are few, and never on a very large scale.—J. D. L.

### Statistics about Doctors

A GERMAN statistician has been occupying himself with investigating the proportion of medical men to the population of the various cities in his own country, and in instituting comparisons between Germany in this particular and other countries in the civilised world. According to this authority, there are in Berlin 2,814 physicians, or one to every 725 of the population. In Munich, the capital of Bavaria, there is a medical man to every 640, and in Charlottenburg one to every 518. The manufacturing town of Elberfeld is badly supplied. Here there is only one doctor to every 1,909 inhabitants. Turning to other countries, the Austrian capital has one doctor to every 692 inhabitants. In Cracow in Austrian Poland there must be next to no sickness, as every 490 persons have a doctor; in Rome every 920 inhabitants have a doctor; in Naples the proportion is a trifle more in favour of the inhabitants. St. Petersburg, although a University city with a medical faculty, has only one doctor to every 2,120 inhabitants; and New York one to every 1,380. London seems to be much on the same level as New York—viz. one doctor to every 1,300 inhabitants.

### The Telephone in Finland

TELEGRAMS from or to Finland are ruinous. Even in Suomi itself they cost a small fortune, and outside they are even worse; but then no one telegraphs to anyone in the territory, for almost every person has a telephone, which can be annexed from town to town, and those who have not telephones can go to a public office and expend a penny on their message; therefore in that respect the Finns are in advance of us.—*Through Finland in Carts*, by Mrs. Alice Tweedie.

# Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S., AND J. MUNRO

## The Passion Play in North America

In the southern part of New Mexico there is a religious sect called Passionists or Penitents, the members of which take part in remarkable ceremonies in which castigation and crucifixion form the chief features. Little is known about the meetings of this cult, as non-believers are not permitted to be present. After meeting in one of their ordinary mud-houses, suitably arranged for the purpose, the "brethren of the light," as the disciples call themselves, form a procession, and, carrying heavy wooden crosses, they travel to some neighbouring hill, which serves as their Calvary. Upon arriving at the chosen spot, one or more of the crosses is set up, and the penitents surround it, first kneeling and worshipping it, and then scourging themselves to the accompaniment of a sad monotonous chant. In former times a victim was actually nailed to the cross, but this sacrifice is not now permitted; and the worshippers content themselves with tying one of their number to a cross. The spectacle may not be of a very edifying character to our minds, but to the Indians who take part in it the whole ceremony has a deep and solemn significance. The spirit which prompts their little drama is the same as that which inspires devotion in the mind of every Christian. As during the present year the Passion Play has been acted at Ober-Ammergau, this similar performance in south-west North America has exceptional interest.

## Changes of Colour of Prawns

NATURALISTS have long known that numerous varieties of the common prawn take more or less the colour of the weed or other organisms to which they cling, and on which they find food and shelter. A detailed investigation of this curious characteristic has recently been made by Messrs. Gamble and Keeble, and described to the Royal Society. It appears that prawns undergo a regular course of colour changes every twenty-four hours. Towards evening a decided red tinge—a sunset glow—makes its appearance and marks the beginning of the night colour. A green tinge is then assumed, and presently gives place to an azure-blue colour, which is retained throughout the night. At the first touch of dawn, however, this colour disappears, and that of the previous day is gradually resumed. When not passing through these changes, prawns quickly modify their colours to bring them into harmony with the colours of surrounding objects. An almost black prawn was found to change to

a transparent and colourless condition when placed for a few minutes in a white porcelain vessel. Moreover, a ready means of producing green prawns is to place them just after capture in a white jar and cover the mouth of the vessel with muslin, in which case the change of colour takes place in from thirty seconds to one minute. Prawns thus vary in colour in sympathy with their surroundings, but it is a remarkable fact that, however much these conditions may be altered, prawns always change their tint to the nocturnal hue as evening comes on, and resume their diurnal colour on the morning of the next day. In a word, the animal has so firmly acquired the habit of changing its colour day and night that it cannot be induced to forget to do it.

## The Century Plant

MR. W. ATTWOOD writes to us from Tylden, Victoria, Australia: "In your number of December I read the account of the so-called Century Flowering Plant. It depends on soil and climate the time it takes to flower. I have two in full bloom at present: one has been planted about thirty years, and the other about twenty years. The younger is the more flourishing because the soil is well drained. I was in 1843-44 an unwilling resident of the fortress of Perat, one hundred miles from Vera Cruz, on the road to the city of Mexico. I was a prisoner of war. Between Texas and Mexico there were some hundreds—perhaps thousands—of these plants. The people get a liquid from them, which is a cool drink, called Pukly. A great quantity is drunk at all times of the year. It is a pleasant drink when fresh; but, if allowed to ferment, it is a fiery spirit.

"I was in London in 1888-89, and saw the procession of the Coronation. I was in a library in Old Bond Street—No. 17—Smallwood's, and used to go to Simpkin & Marshall's on 'Magazine Day.' I am now half-blind, so you must excuse the writing—nearly seventy-nine years."

## Plant Cultivation by Electricity

MANY investigators have studied the effects of electricity upon the growth of plants, and the majority of them have come to the conclusion that it does really stimulate growth, though the exact manner of the action is little understood. There is, of course, a great difference between the effects produced by the electric light and those due to electric currents traversing the soil in which plants are growing.

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An arc lamp may be regarded as an artificial sun, and many plants thrive under its influence as well as they do in sunlight. Cultivation with the aid of the electric light has, indeed, become a profitable pursuit near Chicago and in other parts of the United States, lettuce for salads being abundantly grown in large houses illuminated by electricity. Recent experiments have shown that seeds germinate more rapidly in soil through which weak electric currents are passing than in ordinary ground of the same kind. Potatoes and roots grown in electrified soil have been found by a Russian experimenter to yield crops three times heavier than those grown close by on unelectrified plots of the same kind; and the growth and ripening of barley was accelerated by twelve days. The results obtained in various parts of the world are sufficient to justify the belief that electro-culture is likely to be developed commercially in the near future.

### Silk from Spiders' Web

THE manufacture of silk cord from the web of spiders has now been placed on a commercial footing in Madagascar, and a complete set of bed-hangings made from web obtained from a large spider found in great numbers in the island is being exhibited at the Paris Exposition. The spiders are kept in confinement and are placed a dozen at a time upon a frame to which a reel is attached for winding off the web. Each spider yields from three to four

hundred yards of silk. After the thread has been taken from the spiders they are set free, and ten days later they are again ready to undergo the operation. The silk thread thus obtained is finer than that of the silkworm; nevertheless it is stronger, and can be woven without any difficulty.

### The Manufacture of Gun-flints at Brandon

It is a little difficult to realise that flint-locks and tinder-and-steel are used to such an extent at the present time that thousands of flints are manufactured weekly for guns and strike-a-lights. Such is, however, the case, and the place where the best flints are mined and chipped is Brandon, in Suffolk, which supplies more than all other mines taken together. The Brandon mines have been worked for thousands of years, and deer-horn picks used by prehistoric workmen have been found in them. During some excavations several years ago, a deer-horn pick was found and the coating of chalk dust upon it retained the print of a man's hand. "It was an impressive sight," remarked Canon Greenwell, who witnessed it, "never to be forgotten, to look, after the lapse of three thousand years or more, upon a piece of unfinished work with the tools lying about as though the workmen had just gone to dinner or quit work the night before." The mines are a bit of the past existing in the present, and special prominence is given to them in the latest report of the United States National



FLINT-KNAPPER FLAKING THE FLINT INTO LONG SLIPS. BRANDON, SUFFOLK

Notice the hammer, tub of flakes, flint chips, iron flint-pick, and its prehistoric deer-horn original

Museum, from which the accompanying illustration, showing a flint-knapper at work, has been reproduced. The old iron lantern, the iron hanging candlestick, and the iron flint-pick—of the same shape as the prehistoric deer-horn pick by its side—are curious objects in pictures which are full of interest to every lover of antiquities.



THE FORECARRIAGE DETACHED

### A Locomotive for Carriages

A SHORT description of a detachable motor-wheel for vehicles was given in these notes in the May number. Another arrangement designed for the same purpose, and manufactured by the Automobile Forecarriage Company, New York, is shown in the accompanying illustrations. The forecarriage is really a complete traction engine, which can be linked to any vehicle and helps to support the load as well as to draw it. It may be operated either by petroleum motors or by storage batteries; and the motive power, engine, and gear are contained in the box which is carried on the two-wheeled axle. The engines are made from four to thirty horse-power, according to the character of the vehicles to which they are to be attached. The gearing allows of variable speed, and the vehicle illustrated is capable of travelling at the rate of twenty miles an hour. A great advantage of this traction machine is that a single one will serve

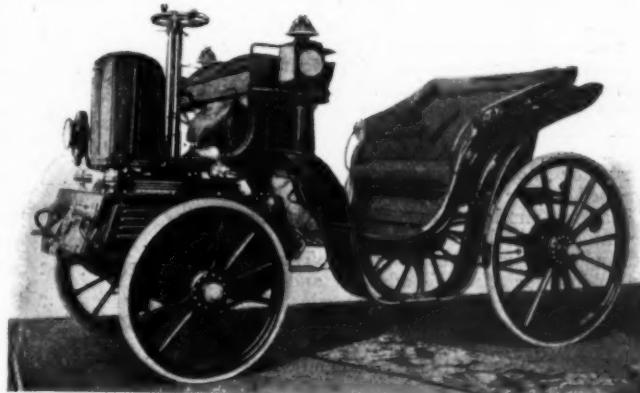
for pleasure carriage or delivery cart, thus giving the owner the benefit of a variety of automobiles for one outlay.

### Future Sources of Energy

THE time must come when our coal supplies will fail, and before that evil day arrives it will be necessary to find some other source of energy. The heat of the sun, or the tides of the ocean, may perhaps be utilised, or, as Sir William Preece recently pointed out, the vast store of energy existing in the heated interior of the earth may be drawn upon. In descending from the surface of our globe, the temperature becomes hotter and hotter, until at a distance of about two miles the degree at which water boils is reached. By suitable thermo-electric appliances it would not be impossible to use this internal heat to produce electric currents and thus convert the lost energy of the earth's interior into a useful form. Electricians have successfully utilised the power which previously ran to waste in waterfalls, and the time is probably not far distant when borings will be made in volcanic districts and the earth's smouldering fires will be harnessed to the wheels of industry. Another possible source of energy in the future is the ether which permeates and surrounds everything, which transmits the signals of the wireless telegraph, and which we are only now beginning to know. There is every reason to believe that every cubic inch of this omnipresent ether contains enough energy to keep hundreds of horse-power going for a year, if we could only get at it. When this supply of energy is tapped we shall be independent of all other sources.

### Bees and Flowers in New Zealand

Most people are aware that bees and other insects carry pollen from flower to flower and thus fertilise the plants they visit, but it is not generally realised that the character of the



THE AUTOMOBILE FORECARRIAGE

## Science and Discovery

flora of a country can be changed by the introduction of suitable insects. The case of New Zealand is a classical instance of this kind. In the year 1885 some nests of bees were introduced into the colony for the purpose of fertilising the flowers of the common red clover, and though most of the bees taken out had trunks too short to be of service, others were able to fertilise the flowers, the result being that clover, which formerly did not produce seeds, is now abundantly cultivated. This fact is well known to botanists, but it is only lately that Mr. G. M. Thomson has pointed out that the introduction of the bees has affected the growth of many plants other than clover. Previous to 1885, certain flowers which were freely cultivated in New Zealand never produced seeds under natural conditions. But since the bees have become numerous and have spread over the colony, the conditions have quite changed. Primroses, cowslips, and the various hardy hybrid primulas all seed freely now; so do pansies, crocuses, Canterbury bells, and many others which formerly never seeded. There can be no doubt that the change has been brought about by the bees, and we have in it a remarkable demonstration of how great effects may be produced in Nature by little causes.

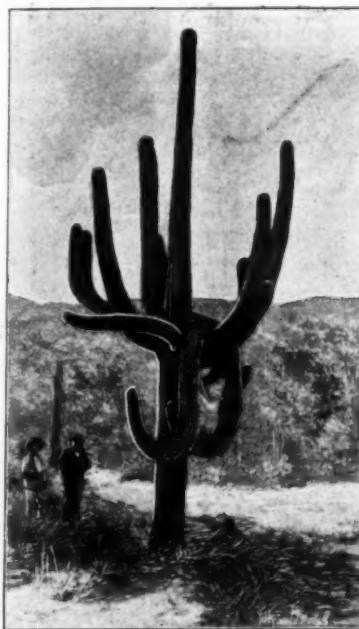
### A Serum for Drunkards

DURING the first stages of chronic alcoholism the spirit acts as a poison, disordering the system but not producing a lesion of the essential organs. While this period lasts the evil can be fought with a counter-poison or antidote. Confirmed alcoholism resembles morphinomania, but hypnotic suggestion has been tried upon it with slight success. A new remedy for it has been discovered by MM. Broca, Sapelier, and Thibaud, which is based on the fact that certain poisons of mineral and vegetable origin, especially those to which the body soon habituates itself, like the microbes of disease, can develop in the blood anti-toxic substances, or "stimulines," which, when injected with the serum of the blood into the body of another organism, render it capable of resisting the poison in question. Alcohol, like morphia, is a poison of this kind, and horses dosed with alcohol furnish an anti-alcoholic serum which, injected into the blood of persons, fills them with disgust for alcohol. Lower animals also inoculated under the skin with the serum manifest a similar repugnance to alcohol. Drunkards have been cured by a few subcutaneous injections in this way. They lose their liking for alcoholic drinks, and some express a wish never to see the "bottle" again. At the same time they have kept their taste for wine. The treatment, in fact, is a cure for alcoholism and restores the appetite and strength of the patient. The active principle of the serum, which is called "anti-ethyline," is unknown as yet, but the treatment is only

efficacious in the first period of alcoholism, before lesions exist. In discoveries of this kind there are generally pioneers, and Dr. Frederic Evelyn of San Francisco, as well as Dr. Tolouse, a Frenchman, made experiments of the sort a few years ago.

### A Colossal Cactus

THE cactus will flourish in regions where other vegetation dies for lack of water: for example, the deserts of Lower California, where it sometimes attains a great size. Our illustration is from a photograph of one nearly forty feet high, which grows about eight miles from

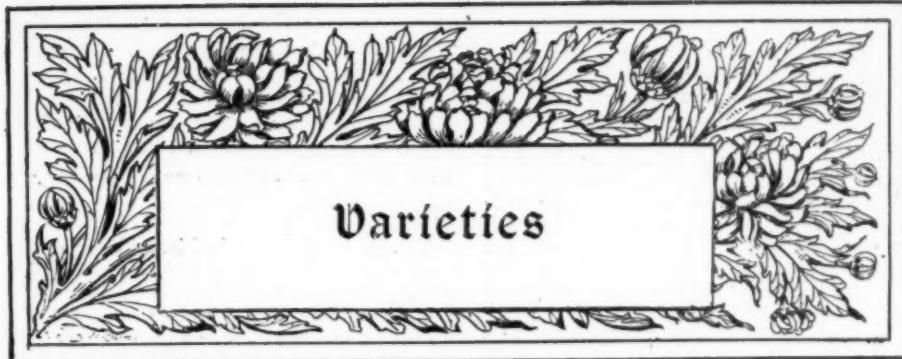


A COLOSSAL CACTUS

the town of Phoenix, near the Pima reserve. The cactus appears to be a useless plant, but it may be employed in forming enclosures—that is to say, as a fence—and it is proposed to protect pinewoods by a ring of it. The juicy cactus is practically incombustible, and arrests a fire of dry grass or brushwood.

### Stereoscopic Spectacles

SPECTACLES and field glasses are now made which give the "solid" effect of the ordinary stereoscope to views. This is effected by employing two lenses a little decentred or inclined to one another and mounting them in a kind of camera or dark chamber which goes over the eyes.



### When "The Task" was Written

COWPER began to write "The Task" in the year which closed the American war and saw the final severance of the American colonies from the old country. The previous years were a disastrous and gloomy period, and their shadow rests upon the poem. It is this, and not the reflection of a melancholy mind which we find there. His large patriotism scarcely had justice done to it in the recent celebrations. No man ever loved England more truly—

"Thy soul as ample as thy bounds are small."

If we remember when they were written, the famous lines become more vivid :

"Time was when it was praise and boast enough  
In every clime, and travel where we would,  
That we were born her children. Praise enough  
To fill the ambition of a private man,  
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue,  
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.  
Those suns are set. O rise some other such!"

Many of his sentences have still political application. The noble passage on slavery was written before the French Revolution had made the ideas of "liberty, equality, fraternity" familiar. The cry with which he begins the Second Book,

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,"

has been regarded as the offspring of morbid phantasy, with its burden of exaggeration :

" My ear is pain'd,  
My soul is sick with every day's report  
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd."

But when we find that the slave trade was then in full swing, and that in the years from the beginning of that century as many as 610,000 negroes had been transported from Africa to Jamaica alone, while other ships distributed a like burden on the American continent, or on other islands, we see how real and terrible was

the evil against which the gentle poet exclaimed. How often have the lines succeeding been proudly rehearsed by Englishmen :

"I had much rather be myself the slave,  
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.  
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?  
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave  
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.  
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free;  
They touch our country, and their shackles fall."

But the decision which set free the slave on English soil had only been given twelve years before. We should recall these things if we would give the poet his real position among the prophets of liberty.

His letters show that even after "The Task" was written there were some who charged him with supporting the slave trade, possibly from his association with Newton. Yet who could count the numbers of English boys and girls through all the earlier years of this century whose first ideas of the iniquity of slavery and the slave trade were derived from the pathetic verses of "The Negro's Appeal," or the simple rhyme of the boys who robbed the orchard, using the plea of the man-stealing merchant, "that if they did not do it somebody else would"?

We note also with interest that it was in the year when "The Task" appeared that Wilberforce, unconscious of it, while travelling on the Continent, read Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," which brought him to a new sense of duty, and led him to resolve to devote his life to two objects—the "reformation of manners" and the abolition of the slave trade. How might he and Cowper have rejoiced together could they have foreseen the future.

### The Sanity of Cowper

HE did not indulge in vulgar amours, as did Burns and Byron; he did not ruin his moral fibre by opium, as did Coleridge; he did not

## Varieties

shock his best friends by an overweening egotism, as did Wordsworth ; he did not spoil his life by reckless financial complications, as did Scott ; or by too great an enthusiasm to beat down the world's conventions, as did Shelley. I do not here condemn any one or either of these later poets. Their lives cannot be summed up in the mistakes they made. I only urge that as it is not good to be at warfare with your fellows, to be burdened with debts that you have to kill yourself to pay, to alienate your friends by distressing mannerisms, to cease to be on speaking terms with your family—therefore Cowper, who avoided these things, and, out of the threescore years and more allotted to him, lived for some forty or fifty years, at least, a quiet, idyllic life, surrounded by loyal and loving friends, had chosen the surer and safer path.—*Clement Shorter.*

### The Last of Cowper

PROFESSOR MOULE, in a note to the "Record," recalls the pathetic incident of Cowper's actual dying hour at East Dereham. "The account given by the biographers is that to the last breath the apparently hopeless shadow rested upon the face, but that just after death a change passed over it, a look as of astonished and joyful adoration. This is beautiful. But Miss Catherine Marsh was once good enough to tell me, from what she heard from her father, who in his turn heard it from Cowper's nephew, Johnson, the faithful watcher by his uncle's dying bed—that the change came about half an hour before death. Cowper was past speech, almost past movement, but on a sudden he looked 'joy unspeakable,' and so lay till he expired."

### Romney's Pictures

IT is becoming more frequent than formerly to confine exhibitions of pictures to individual artists. At the Grafton Galleries there was this summer a selection of Romney's works. Romney was so popular that he is spoken of as a rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds. His portraits make a rare show, but his art has never had a higher compliment than in William Cowper's sonnet where he described his portrait taken at Earham in 1792, when Mr. Hayley invited the artist to meet the poet during his first long visit from Olney. Here it is :

To GEORGE ROMNEY, Esq.

ON HIS PICTURE OF ME IN CRAYONS DRAWN AT EARTHAM IN THE 61ST YEAR OF MY AGE AND IN THE MONTHS OF AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER 1792

Romney, expert infallibly to trace,  
On chart or canvas, not the form alone  
And semblance, but, however faintly shown,  
The mind's expression too on every face  
With strokes that time ought never to erase ;  
Thou hast so pencilled mine that though I own  
The subject worthless, I have never known  
The artist shining with superior grace.

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But this I mark, that symptoms none of woe

In thy incomparable work appear :

Well, I am satisfied, it should be so,

Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear,  
For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see,  
While I was Hayley's guest, and sat to thee ?

### No Khaki for him

THE dashing Murat in his vanity delighted to show himself in full costume on the field of battle. Baron Fain has described him as he saw him. "The collar of his coat was richly embroidered with gold ; it was fastened round his waist by a gold band whence hung a sabre without hilt or guard. He generally wore loose yellow trousers, the seams of which were sewn over with gold, and boots of yellow leather or nankeen. The brilliancy of his dress was increased by a large hat trimmed with white feathers, with a broad border of gold, a large plume composed of four drooping ostrich feathers, in the midst of which rose a beautiful aigrette of heron's feathers. His saddle and gilded stirrups were of Hungarian shape. The horse was covered with a long, sweeping saddle-cloth of sky-blue richly embroidered with gold—the bridle was magnificent." In this attire he would charge at the head of his troops.

### Women's Rights

No Englishwoman to-day reckons the right of petition as among valuable privileges. The suffrage rather is her ambition. There were, however, days when things were less propitious. Mr. Glasse, in his account of "The Barbone Parliament," tells how, in 1641, the gentlewomen and tradesmen's wives in and about the City of London demanded of Parliament the right to petition as well as the men. Mr. Pym was requested to meet them at the door. "Good women," he said, "your petitions and the reasons thereof have been read in the House, and is very thankfully accepted of, and is come in a seasonable time." The reasons of the women were :

"1. Because Christ hath purchased us at as dear a rate as he hath done man.

"2. Because in the free enjoying of Christ in His own laws, and a flourishing state in Church and Commonwealth, consisteth the happiness of women as well as men.

"3. Because women are sharers in the common calamities that accompany the Church and Commonwealth."

### Bouquets for Passengers

THE Michigan Central Railroad has adopted a pleasant plan, which ought to make travel on that thoroughfare interesting and agreeable. At the station at Niles, bouquets are distributed every day on one train each way to all the women passengers. A man in the employ of the railroad company cultivates the flowers on a five-acre plot near the station, having three

large hot-houses. The distributors go regularly through the train, dropping bouquets into the laps of passengers.

### How Chaplain Adams won the V.C.

"OUR Chaplain (Adams), who had accompanied me throughout the day [the Chardey Valley fight, near Kabul, 1879], behaved in this place with conspicuous gallantry. Seeing a wounded man of the 9th Lancers staggering towards him, Adams dismounted, and tried to lift the man on his own charger. Unfortunately, the mare, a very valuable animal, broke loose, and was never seen again. Adams, however, managed to support the Lancer until he was able to make him over to some of his own comrades.

"Adams rejoined me in time to assist two more of the 9th who were struggling under their horses at the bottom of the ditch. Without a moment's hesitation Adams jumped into the bottom of the ditch. He was an unusually powerful man, and by sheer strength dragged the Lancers clear of their horses. The Afghans meanwhile had reached Bhagwana, and were so close to the ditch that I thought my friend the padre could not possibly escape. I called out to him to look after himself, but he paid no attention to my warnings until he had pulled the almost exhausted Lancers to the top of the slippery bank. Adams received the Victoria Cross for his conduct on this occasion."—*Lord Roberts: "Forty-one Years in India."*

### Practice versus Theory

"ON my telling the young Engineer officer in charge of the Sapper company that a bridge was required to be constructed with the least possible delay [across the river Tipai, in the Lushai expedition, 1871], he replied that it should be done, but that it was necessary to calculate the force of the current, the weight to be borne, and the consequent strength of the timber required. Off he went, urged by me to be as quick as he could. Some hours elapsed, and nothing was seen of the Engineer, so I sent for him and asked him when the bridge was to be begun. He answered that his plans were nearly completed, and that he would soon be able to commence work. In the meantime, however, and while these scientific calculations were being made, the headman of the local coolies had come to me and said, if the order were given, he would throw a bridge over the river in no time. I agreed, knowing how clever Natives often are at this kind of work, and thinking I might just as well have two strings to this particular bow. Immediately, numbers of men were to be seen felling the bamboos on the hillside a short distance above the stream: these were thrown down into the river, and as they came floating down they were caught by men standing up to their necks in water, who cut them to the required length, stuck the uprights into the river-bed, and attached them to each other by pieces laid laterally and longitudinally; the floor-

ing was then formed also of bamboo, the whole structure was firmly bound together by strips of cane, and the bridge was pronounced ready. Having tested its strength by marching a large number of men across it, I sent for my Engineer friend. His astonishment on seeing a bridge finished ready for use was great, and became still greater when he found how admirably the practical woodmen had done their work; from that time, being assured of their ability to assist him, he wisely availed himself when difficulties arose of their useful, if unscientific, method of engineering."—*Lord Roberts: "Forty-one Years in India."*

### Hanky-Panky

A POSSIBLE explanation of this familiar phrase was recently given by a correspondent of "Notes and Queries." In the "Monthly Mirror" of July 1796 there is recorded the marriage of Captain Hankey, of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, to Miss Pankey, of Bedford Square.

### Setting a Limb

AFTER the recent invasion of European skill there cannot be much room left for primitive surgery in South Africa. Yet time was when, if a Kaffir broke his leg, it would be placed in a hole dug in the earth, and kept there till the bones were set. We have heard of a case in which, the bones of a lad having been set by European aid, the Kaffir father had the splints removed, carried the boy home on horseback, and then had the limb set in the earth, with the result that it took six months to effect a cure. The Kaffir doctors are hereditary, the cleverest son being usually chosen to succeed.

### Apparitions

THE Zulus usually bury in a sitting posture, near the kraal, because afraid of being dug up by the witch doctors. These make of heart, tongue, eyes, etc., a medicine for charms. In like manner as in war soldiers were doctored with powder made from the dead; after a fight they were wont to return to be doctored in this way from the slain bodies of the enemy. We have heard terrible tales told of the "swellaboin" (?)—that is, a dead body restored to life—tongue, eyebrows, ears cut off—which is supposed to wander ever after. If anyone sees this apparition he dies. Sometimes they say it is heard crying "mi, mi" round the kraal, and then no Kaffir goes out.

### Zulu Phrases

THERE is no such phrase in Kaffir as "Thank you." They are beginning to use it, but think it right not to show any emotion.

On meeting they say, "I *see* you," which is answered, "Yes." On separating, "May peace go with you," to which is the response, "May peace stay with you."

They are bold sometimes in the use of figure. Thus a Zulu has been known to speak of "the

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mountain that they saw grow while the others stood still"; or of "the horn that pushes"; or "the man with the eyes and wings of an eagle."

### The Ram Lila at Benares

A YOUNG Oxford man writes: "Now the weather has got cool (and even cold of a night) I make various excursions round the ancient city of Benares. The most amusing trip I had was one that I took by night last week. By accident I wandered down to the bank of the river near the burning ghat, where I met a native with whom I had a slight acquaintance. He said, 'Will you come and see the Ram Lila?' I said, 'Oh! ay!' Now the Ram Lila is very often called a miracle play, which it is not by any means. It is performed in different parts of the city about this time by the various trades guilds. The one in question was performed at the expense of the guild of the men who look after the bathers' clothes. All these performances represent episodes in the history of Rama, particularly his fight with the devil-king of Ceylon and his assistance by the monkey-monarch; also his rescue of his wife Lita, and his triumphant return to Ajodhya (Fyzabad).

"The populace is immensely amused thereby, but the European is not so much amused as amazed. The actors are boys of the Brahman caste, who apparently are utterly untrained, and make no pretence of producing histrionic effects. They wear more or less gorgeous tinsel costumes over their ordinary dresses, and the party to which they belong is indicated by masks. But, and herein is the difference between these performances and the miracle plays, there are no set speeches. The two parties advance from opposite sides of the arena and engage in a mimic performance, compared with which the ordinary barn-stormers' fencing is the height of realism. In the excitement they are so far carried away that, to get a better view of the sport, they shove their masks back on to the top of their heads, which does not in the least appear to infringe the local conception of the unities, and the crowd cheer equally when the devil-king's followers are defeated, or when Rama's mask is accidentally knocked off, or when one of the actors' clothes are set on fire by the droppings from the Bengal lights.

"The stage-manager ineffectually runs about with his book prompting and shoving the actors into their places, in which he is assisted by the stewards of the performance. At intervals he calls for cheers for Rama, which are given with deafening shouts of 'Ram Chandra-ji ke jae!' (Victory to the holy Rama). The proceedings close with the beating of a 15-foot image of the devil-king, constructed of bamboos, and last year's Pioneer. This (or what is left of it) is burned with fire, and they all settle down to a solemn reading of the Ramayan with musical

honours and a display of fireworks. Now what is a common-place British-born subject to say of these people? Can he pretend to have the faintest comprehension of what the inside of their heads is made of? Is he not tempted to go away and resign himself to the conviction that the honest Hindu is and will always remain an insoluble problem? Can he think a single thought on the same lines as such folk? Perhaps he may; but such at present is not my fortunate condition."

### Astronomical Notes for July

THE Sun rises in the latitude of Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 3h. 49m. in the morning, and sets at 8h. 18m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 3h. 57m. and sets at 8h. 12m.; and on the 21st he rises at 4h. 10m. and sets at 8h. 3m. The Moon enters her First Quarter at 14 minutes past midnight on the 4th; becomes Full at 1h. 22m. on the afternoon of the 12th; enters her Last Quarter at 5h. 31m. on the morning of the 19th; and becomes New at 1h. 43m. on the afternoon of the 26th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about half-past 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 3rd; in perigee, or nearest us, about half-past one on that of the 15th; and in apogee again about half-past 8 o'clock on the morning of the 31st. No eclipses are due this month; the brightest star occulted by the Moon will be Delta (which is nearly equal in magnitude to the Pole-Star) in the constellation Scorpio, on the night of the 8th, the disappearance taking place at 11h. 24m. and the reappearance at 11h. 54m. (6 minutes before midnight), so that the star will be covered by the Moon exactly half-an-hour. The Sun will be in apogee, or farthest from the earth, on the afternoon of the 2nd. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 4th, and will be visible in the evening during the first half of the month, situated in the constellation Cancer, the stars of which are all small, even Alpha, the brightest (which Mercury will be near, a little to the north, on the 7th and 8th), being of less than the fourth magnitude. Venus ceases to be visible as an evening star this month, being at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 8th; towards the end of the month she will become visible before sunrise, very near the star Gamma (which is of the second magnitude) in the constellation Gemini. Mars rises earlier each morning, and is very slowly increasing in brightness; he is in the constellation Taurus, moving in an easterly direction towards Gemini. Jupiter is stationary, near the star Delta in the constellation Scorpio, and in conjunction with the Moon on the 8th; by the end of the month he will set before midnight. Saturn is in the western part of Sagittarius, and will be due south at 11 o'clock on the 7th and at 10 o'clock on the 22nd; he will be in conjunction with the Moon (then nearly Full) on the morning of the 11th.—W. T. LYNN.



## Wives, Mothers, and Maids



### TALKS IN COUNCIL

#### Averages

"PLEASE talk about ourselves," one of our readers said recently—"just our ordinary, average, commonplace selves."

At this I began to consider what it is that constitutes the average woman; and the first thing I elicited was that, on the whole, she is content, does not want anything difficult of attainment, such as the suffrage, but would like a larger share of familiar things, as money, clothes, and, perhaps, individual notoriety; has no passion for work, but would rather work than lack the things that usually follow work, and feels sure that praise suits her much better than censure.

This average person is by no means unpleasant to contemplate. If she has a little steady income which she has not needed to earn, she will fill up her life with pretty slight industries, with calls and tea-drinking, with a study of all the available fashion magazines, and praiseworthy efforts to reproduce their suggestions at a minimum of cost. She makes her sitting-room very sightly according to her ideas of beauty, and, being pleased with herself and her possessions, is hospitable. She naturally discovers that it takes all a woman's time to see after things, to call and receive calls and read the fashion papers, and she frequently deplores the flight of years, but feels that she meets the occasion when she talks pathetically and prettily of "the little done, the much to do." In the main she is quite harmless, and in view of much baneful activity, the world accounts her harmlessness as virtue, and rewards it with a modicum of good-will. She makes few or no enemies, is satisfied, on reflection, with the share of good things she attains, and would experience no resentment if classed with "ordinary, average, commonplace people."

No one would think of calling her a representative woman, and yet she represents a very large class, that which grows like the herb of the field, is passive, innocuous, decorative; blooms, withers, perishes from the earth, and yet leaves a memory that is fair and sweet.

Character differentiates itself best where people live alone, or in small communities. It may have struck the reader that, in fiction, the

favourite heroine is an only daughter, preferably motherless. If she possesses brothers and sisters they are only part of a background from which she emerges at an early date to occupy the whole front of the scene. That is because overcrowding is so prone to spoil the picturesque side of life.

There is no great merit in contentment when all desirable things lie ready to our hand, and we have but to extend it and select—that everyone would concede; but that a certain kind of contentment may be not only undeserving, but a positive unworthiness, is less likely to occur to one. There is so much discontent in the world, so much grumbling over what is only a fair share of allotted hardships, that cheeriness under bad conditions wears a charming aspect, and one is in no haste to inquire if it might not be better to cure the conditions than to endure them.

There is the contentment of the sluggard, that cries, "Let me alone, I do not want to be disturbed." There is the contentment of the unimaginative person, who sees things slipping down hill, but instead of opposing an obstacle to their progress says, "I don't complain, things will last out my time." This is not contentment, it is mere pagan serenity, which, meeting disaster in its own person, may produce a fine stoic courage; but leaving the sad harvest for others lacks the virtue even of the idolater.

True contentment recognises individual responsibility as well as individual privileges, remembers individual obligations as well as individual claims. To enjoy contentment we must forbear to compare ourselves with this individual or that, who, without our merits—I speak quite seriously—has, through accident or fortuitous circumstances, attained to tangible reward far beyond ours. If we are observant we see daily evidences of the injustices of life, see the undeserving flourish like the green bay tree, see the righteous, if not absolutely forsaken and begging bread, subsisting often enough on a pittance; see the impoverished old age of the industrious, while the ruffian grows apace on the ruins his tyrannies have made. On this state of things there has been a good deal of erroneous teaching, which in the guise of

## Wives, Mothers, and Maids

patience and resignation inculcated fatalism, and ascribed to God's decree conditions abhorrent to the Divine mind.

For each human being placed in the world a share of the world's produce was intended. Fair reward for fair labour is justice, and justice is of God. For that we have a right to struggle, of that we should not let ourselves be defrauded if we can help it; having attained so much, contentment is our duty.

The coveting of other men's goods does not simply mean desiring to annex our neighbour's houses or lands, it means equally depriving the neighbour who serves us of his share of prosperity, by under-buying him and his work on the plea that the market is crowded; it means jostling our neighbour off the course where he runs his race beside us, because our shoulders are broader and our hands bigger than his. It is a good and praiseworthy thing to be glad in our own prosperity, so long as we are sure it has not been purchased at the price of wrong to the humblest creature of whom we claim allegiance, and on whom the All-Father has bestowed equally with us the gift of life, and a place on the earth's surface beside us.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*Faith.*—There is nothing more difficult than for the woman no longer young, and without aptitude, to earn money. She it is who becomes the prey of the "remunerative home-work" advertising swindler, with whom I beg you never to hold any communication or correspondence. Every little industry by which ladies of limited means were able, a generation ago, to earn an addition to their income has, in recent years, been swept up and added as a branch to large businesses. From this results one of the cruellest conditions of life, that which casts all the little boats that could manage very well, even in shallow water, on the rocks. If the little income you speak of is from property, and not an annuity that will end with the life of the present recipient, I should advise you not to aim at any business in London, but to go to a village where rents are low and living cheap, and where, having established yourselves in a little home, you might endeavour to obtain pupils for a small private school. I heard recently of cottages in Essex where the rents are a shilling, two shillings, and three shillings per week. With the furniture you possess you could thus have a very inexpensive home, and a considerable margin of income left for personal expenditure. Where the outlay is small, a little increase to income acquires a maximum of value. Should your cottage be larger than your requirements, you might be able to let a couple of furnished apartments to another lady, with advantage to all concerned. Where the revenue is small, it is far wiser to seek conditions under which expenditure will diminish,

than to spend capital in experiments that may fail.

VERITY.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed—

"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

### Cooking-Schools versus Kitchens

BY MARY LOWE DICKENSON

The feminine mind has been for some time in the midst of grapples with human digestion. Women are beginning to awaken to the fact that when dyspepsia, insomnia, and irritability follow in the wake of bad cooking, then it becomes a part of their duty to grapple with these ills. It is woman who must dose the dyspepsia, nurse the nervousness, soothe the sleeplessness of the victims of bad bread, leathery steaks, and greasy stews, and the occupation is not the most diverting in the world. No wonder their minds are at last turning in the direction of prevention rather than remedy, and that the question of how to cook for the moment banishes the other question of how to cure; but it is a little curious that the remedy for the common evil of bad cooking is sought outside of the place where the evil exists—viz. the kitchen and the home. We cannot begin without the lecture room and the professor. We cannot begin without a platform, from which the knowledge can be dropped down upon us, and where the gas stove can be set up and the illustrations made. The exhibitions must be made in schools and classes, and in a manner attractive to the young.

Now, all this is admirable by way of exciting interest and arousing a desire for better and more wholesome food; but if such effort is to be limited to processes, then the present generation may continue to groan with indigestions, while the young women are growing up who will be able to bring about a better state of things.

The truth is, every house has its kitchen, every kitchen its cooking stove or range, and it is there that the lessons learned outside should be practised, or, better still, the lesson should be learned from the practice.

Only a very few of our women have cooking-schools within their reach; but the kitchen is everywhere. If the mothers of to-day will only make of themselves teachers or even fellow-students of their daughters, and, stealing a few bright morning hours out of each week, experiment together with them in the kitchen, we shall progress much faster than by any methods yet devised.

The lecture, the illustration, the little feast, when all that is cooked on exhibition is eaten to see if it is good—these are all well; but the home practice, under the guidance of common sense and mother, should supplement the other, and where but one can be secured, is the better of the two.

## The Mother of President Garfield



*Drawn by F. W. Burton*

JAMES GARFIELD, afterwards President of the United States, was about four years old when his father died. His mother used to relate how, when left a widow, with four little children, her neighbours offered to make a "bee," and split rails for fencing her land. But when these helpers found

that the widow would not supply them with whisky, according to the custom of that time, they all left their work, leaving the logs only quartered. But, true to her temperance principles, Mrs. Garfield would not yield. So she herself took up the maul and split the rails.

# The Fireside Club

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS

### PRIZE QUOTATIONS

#### On Roses

1. "If there were but one single Rose in all the world we should regard it as a miracle and think the man who made it worthy of an Empire."—*Luther*.
2. "This garden Rose,  
Deep-hued and many-folded."—*Tennyson*.
3. "The Rose is fairest when 'tis budding new."—*Scott*.
4. "Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower."—*Hemans*.
5. "Flowers of all hues and without thorn the Rose."—*Milton*.
6. "Roses that down the alleys shine afar."—*M. Arnold*.
7. "And still more labyrinthine buds the Rose."—*Browning*.
8. "There's a bower of Roses on Bendemeer's stream."—*Moore*.
9. "Rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses, L'espace d'un matin."—*Malherbe*.
10. "Strew on her Roses, Roses,  
And never a spray of yew."—*Arnold*.
11. "Fresh-blown Roses, washed in dew."—*Milton*.
12. "Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose,  
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript  
should close!"—*Omar Khayyam*.

Our readers are invited this month to send in very brief quotations on "Holiday Happiness," Each to be written on a postcard (only). A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS awarded for the best. See rules below.

The "Rose" prize is awarded to R. H. VALENTINE, 14 Prussia Road, Hoylake, Cheshire.

### SOME BRAVE VICTORIANS

#### Fifth Acrostic

1. For the name they gave their land,  
They are ready to make a stand.
2. From this city amidst the snow,  
See hundreds mount and go.
3. And the heart of the Empire 's aglow,  
For her sons have no fear of the foe.
4. From the halls of learning they fly,  
Ready to do and to die.
5. Like brave Horatius of old in Rome,  
Here they stubbornly fight for their home.
6. From this island that lies in the sea so wide,  
Come the men who know how to ride.
7. The good old home waves her flag,  
And thousands flock to the rag.
8. From the land where the shamrock grows  
so green,  
Come the boys to fight for their Queen.
9. The troopers ride forth from this new-won  
land;  
They trust in the power of their good right hand.

10. She sees her Highlandmen fall,  
Yet sends ever more at the call.

#### THE WHOLE

There's a bit of work to be done,  
Hark! to the beat of the drum!  
From all round the world they come,  
So keen to follow the drum!

A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is offered for the best brief answer in rhyme.

### A NEW COMPETITION

Two GUINEAS in prizes to successful solvers. See May and June numbers for particulars. The words missing from the following six quotations to be written on a postcard, numbered as below, and sent in by the 20th. Optional words not allowed. Final instalment next month.

#### Third of Four Instalments

15. "God save our gracious . . . "
16. "O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird or but a wandering . . . ?"
17. "The . . . , who daily further from the East Must travel, still is Nature's priest."
18. "Calm was the day, and through the trembling air  
Sweet-breathing . . . did softly play."
19. "Till old experience do attain  
To something like . . . strain."
20. "Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our . . . hasten towards their end."

### Answer to Fourth of Great Victorians

(p. 662)

RUSKIN

Reward was never what great Ruskin sought,  
Right in God's Universe was all his thought.  
Beauty in stones and dust he brought to light,  
His kindness always kept the poor in sight.  
Unspoilt ideals his, he lived serene,  
Seeking the joys of mountain, field, and stream.  
The city's noise forgotten, left behind,  
He gave the world the treasures of his mind.

The prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is awarded to L. MAW, 86 Werneth Hall Road, Oldham.

Answers in the foregoing competitions must be received at the "Leisure Hour" Office before the 18th of the month. They must be addressed to the Editor, and marked outside "Fireside Club."

Write very distinctly on one side of the paper. No papers can be returned. Private correspondence is quite impossible.

# Our Chess Page

## SUMMER SOLVING COMPETITION

### Ten Guineas in Prizes

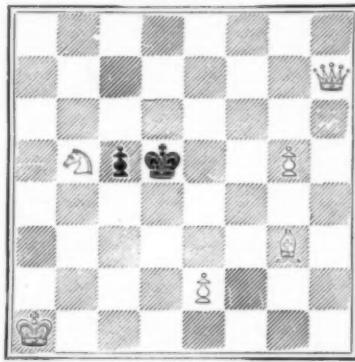
#### SOLVING COMPETITION

As announced last month, we are offering Ten Guineas for the best batches of solutions to twelve problems. Nos. 1 to 6 were published last month. Here are two more.

No. 7.—By G. J. SLATER

Motto : *Stolen Moments*

BLACK—2 MEN



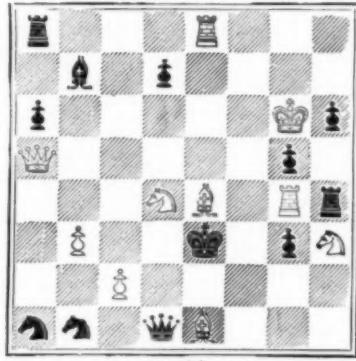
WHITE—6 MEN

White mates in three moves

No. 8.—By G. H. CLUTSAM

Motto : *Still Waters*

BLACK—12 MEN



WHITE—10 MEN

White mates in two moves

Solutions to be sent in by August 15, 1900.

The publication of "The Memorial Volume of the Invitation Tournament for Masters and Amateurs" (April and May 1900) is a fitting conclusion to a noteworthy enterprise. It contains the full score of the seventy-eight games played, and its get-up reflects the greatest credit upon the editors, Messrs. Russell, Trenchard, and Ward-Higgs. It is published at 2s. by Messrs. Longmans & Co.

#### Solutions of Problems, Nos. I.—III.

PROBLEM I.—By MRS. BAIRD :

Key move Q—R 7

Correct solutions from F. B.; CHARLES H. BROUGHTON; "CHARLES"; W. MEARS; J. W. TAIT; J. D. TUCKER; J. W.; A. WATSON.

*Solvers' comments:* "Very neat and pleasing."

PROBLEM II.—By F. MORRIS :

Key move, Kt—B 5.

Correct solution from "CHARLES."

Other solvers gave Kt—Kt 5, but furnished no satisfactory reply to Black's 1 B × B.

Another near try is Kt—K 2, but if Black play 1 K × B followed by the retreat of his own Bishop an avenue of escape is provided.

The main play of the correct solution, involving the sacrifice of the Queen, is exceedingly pretty.

PROBLEM III.—By Rev. R. J. WRIGHT.

Key move Q—Kt 4.

Correct solutions from F. B.; "BLACK ROOK"; ARNOLD GROSVENOR-BRADLEY; "CHARLES"; G. H. GLEESON; ARTHUR J. HEAD; JAMES HUMBLE; JAMES MCKEE; MISS V. H. MACMEIKAN; W. B. MUIR; G. A. MIDDLETON; INSPECTOR PALMER; J. W. TAIT; J. D. TUCKER; JACOB VERRALL; J. W.; A. WATSON; W. H. WATTS, Jun.

*Solvers' comments:* "Very neat." "A very pretty problem." "A beautiful problem and quite a pleasure to solve."

**Brilliant Games Competition Award.**—This competition has aroused no interest whatever, possibly because the modesty of most chess players prevents them from characterising any of their own performances as "brilliant." Excepting a game sent in by a correspondent who did not understand that he could only submit one played by himself, the only two at all worthy of a prize were entered by ALFRED

## Our Chess Page

HENRY HELMORE, 21 Sefton Park, Bristol, and J. ELLIS PARRY, 1 Hammer Villas, Bishop Street, Shrewsbury, to whom we have awarded One Guinea each.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor "The Leisure Hour," Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope.

## The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

### Synopsis Competition

21. Open to all our readers.

#### THE BEST SYNOPSIS

of Mr. Louis Becke's new story: "Tom Wallis."

**One Prize of a Guinea, Two Prizes of Half-a-Guinea, Four Prizes of Five Shillings, and Five of Half-a-Crown.**

The story will appear in our pages from May to October.

No synopsis to exceed two pages of foolscap.

#### RULES

1. Every competitor must cut out the *Eisteddfod ticket*, given on p. 13 of advertisements, and fasten the ticket to the *outside of envelope* containing his or her essay or photograph.

2. All Essays to be written on one side of the paper only.

3. Synopsis papers not later than October 19, 1900.

4. Competitions to be addressed to the Editor, "Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

5. **To Colonial Readers** Competitions 19 and 20 are open. (For Nos. 19 and 20 see May number.) Prizes of the same value will be given to Colonial readers, provided that not less than twelve compete

in any one class. Photographs and Anecdotes from the Colonies must be received at this office not later than September 18, 1900.

### Result of Teachers' Anecdote Competition

For the best group of Six Anecdotes.

#### Prize One Guinea:

MISS HANNAH CLAYTON JACK, 15 Geddes Road, Wandsworth, S.W.

#### Two Prizes: Half-a-Guinea each:

MR. E. J. COOKE, 38 City Road, Lakenham, Norwich; MISS C. GARRY, Dean Bank Institution, Stockbridge, Edinburgh.

#### Two Prizes: Five Shillings each:

G. SWAINE, 72 Stafford Street, Norwich; J. H. HARRIS, Board School, Porthleven, Helston.

#### Three Prizes: Half-a-Crown each:

JAMES LAINSON, 10 Morville Street, Bow, E.; LOUISE S. WINYARD, Grasmere, Woolstone Road, Catford, S.E.; MARGARET L. BURROWS, 14 Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N.

## The Leisure Hour Holiday Tours

### RESULT

#### TEN-GUINEA SWISS TOUR

Awarded to the reader who obtained the largest number of new subscribers to the "LEISURE HOUR" before May 25, 1900. The coupons sent in represent four months.

MISS LOUISE ADAMS,

BELFAST

885 coupons, or

221 subscribers

#### TWO-GUINEA TOUR

Awarded to the reader who obtained the next largest number of new subscribers

CHARLES POUNSFORD,

LONDON

132 coupons, or

33 subscribers

#### TEN-GUINEA SWISS TOUR

Awarded to the Newsagent who obtained the largest number of new subscribers to the "LEISURE HOUR" before May 25, 1900.

ARTHUR DEW,

SIDCUP, KENT

204 coupons, or

51 subscribers